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Think -- or surrender

Girard, Kansas

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THINK— OR SURRENDER

BY
GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK

AUTHOR OF "WAR—WHAT FOR?"

309
Z
B-111

Revolutions are never noisy or bloody unless the
ruling class impudently stand across the
path of human progress and
command, "Halt!"

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How much life do you get for the life you
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Prefatory Paragraphs

Growth threatens everything that interferes with growth. Growth challenges every throne and theory that would arrest the upward march of life.

Anything that grows will outgrow something. A child grows physically and mentally, and, therefore, its expanding life inevitably outgrows its physical clothing and its childish ideas and fears and ways of doing things, fortunately. Society also grows, and therefore outgrows and throws off, casts aside, many things no longer suitable for the expanded life of society. You see—you should see—growing, changing, expanding life requires expanded, changed conditions. Indeed, the Past is a sort of old attic, a kind of "old lumber" room, into which society, growing society, has cast many outgrown customs, methods, ideas, religions, superstitions, laws, constitutions, and institutions, which have been replaced by improvements that more nearly fit the changed, growing society. For example, society has outgrown cannibalism, chattel slavery, and serfdom. These were simply three plans or customs or systems by means of which **some people got a living out of other people**. Cannibalism, chattel slavery, and serfdom were popular in their time; the very "best" people approved of these methods and customs. Cannibalism, chattel slavery, and serfdom were socially approved, politically approved, legally approved, and religiously approved; they were all very respectable methods and customs—in the Past. But that made no difference—in the long run. Society outgrew them—and threw them into the junk room. They were all approved. But they had to go.

Popular approval of a custom or a law or an institution—or an idea—does not at all prove that the custom or law or institution or idea is *just*. Don't forget that. Forget a lot of other things—if you wish—but do not forget *that*.

Many of the problems that vex us to-day would have been solved long ago and mankind would now be far, far happier than it is, if most of us had not wasted so much time conceitedly ridiculing the rest of us—for proposing something new.

One excellent test of a man's mind—if he has one—is his power and his willingness to investigate thoroughly what most people scoff at ignorantly.

Progress can not wait till timid people tiptoe back across two or three generations to get the approval of their extremely dead ancestors—to ask the dead what the living shall think and do and be. Up from the solemn tombs of ten thousand years of tyranny and timidity the unanimous voice of the Greedy Mighty and of the Timid Ignorant would come in answer: **The slave should remain a slave—and breed a slave.**

But the living know more—about the present—than the dead know. The Present is ours—ours for the work of progress, ever scornful of approval. The Future belongs to those who shall live the greater life, the ever *expanding* life.

To wait for the approval of the tyrannical is dangerous.

To linger for the approval of the timid is ridiculous.

Cunning tyranny and ignorant timidity never make willing contributions to the sublime chorus of human progress.

Growth! supreme right of the soul! is to be *seized and urged by those who see*—see ahead—far ahead.

Let in the light.

Don't be too timid.—That's what ails Ignorance.

Reason is treason against tyranny.

The expulsion from the brain of slaves of those ideas by means of which the Greedy Few rule the Gullible Many,—this is growth, this is the fascinating social process of progress, humanity's upward climb toward the climax of the sublime drama of human life on this earth,—the climax: Freedom and Fraternity.

The torch of Freedom and Fraternity is literature,—the *Literature of the Revolution*. And that torch is ready, ready for use by that rare slave, the slave with courage.

THINK OR SURRENDER

CHAPTER ONE

Supreme Problem: Who Will Bear the Torch?

An intelligent man, awake to the splendid possibilities of human life, will not be satisfied, can not be satisfied, with cheap food, cheap clothing and cheap shelter for all his labor through a whole life-time of weary, dreary toil.

Intelligence—when awake—demands life, more life, ever more life. This is the universal, increasing cry of increasing intelligence: "More life! Finer life!"

The only way to silence an intelligent man's demand for more life and finer life is to kill him or chloroform him.

Now, let us take your case:

If you are satisfied and if at the same time your life is not rich with splendid pleasures, is not increasingly rich with beautiful and noble joys, then:

Perhaps you are asleep, simply chloroformed; or,

Perhaps you are some sort of lumpish, stupid human clay with your *spiritual fires all out*, and you are simply staying around here for a few more years trying to "find work" so you can "get ahead" sufficiently to buy a coffin and make a get-away and beat it for "the home over there"—just waiting and trying to find an excuse for having been born; or,

Perhaps you are meek—like a sheep; or,

Perhaps you are just plain crazy.

Now, if you are extremely dull, or if you are permanently cursed with meekness, or if you are simply plain crazy, why, of course, your case is hopeless—it is all over with you, except

the work. Neither I nor any one else can help you in the least. That is settled. You are doomed—you are damned—the charms and glories of life are not for you. You might as well go away from here. The future is a farce, a cruel farce—for you with the windows of your brain closed. Your eyes are flameless. You are impotent clay. Your spine is water. Your blood is milk. Your soul is sick. **You can't demand.** Your fate is fixed. You are dead. But you do not know it.

You are a failure.

You are a failure because you ask, humbly ask, for work, only for work, and have not the *courage, character and vision above a slave*—you can not be roused to demand life, all of life, the splendid fullness of life. In dull meekness you cringe and crawl across the stage of life prideless as a toad—you spawn of slavery, grateful for the crusts of existence for all your grinding toil. You are damned. (I can not help you. Meekness is a misfortune, a disaster, a paralysis.) Crawl, worm, crawl through your dull life to your stupid death. Good night!

But, now, if you are intelligent and simply asleep, why, certainly—your case is easy. I will help awaken you. That is what I am writing this little book for—to help awaken just such persons as you are.

And if—fortunately—you are intelligent and awake, if your soul is *stirring with a sublime and rational discontent*, stirring with a strong, bold longing for plenty of the **very best things** in human life, *if you have not surrendered*, then **you are splendid,—you are all right**, even though you may be cursed with poverty. You must become a soldier in the army of light for the war against darkness, the darkness of Ignorance and the impotence of Meekness. **Your bold soul is precious** in the vast task of rousing the working class.

So very much depends upon you, because:

Those who are awake must rouse those who are asleep.

Just as soon as the discouraged multitude are roused and learn the road to power and freedom and justice they will **surely do something more** than complain and cringe and

whimper and whine about “poor pay” and “hard times” and “unfair employers” and “unfair courts” and all that. They will *get together and demand and take the beauty and the glory of life* for themselves and those they love.

Indeed, **the Supreme and Baffling Problem of This Present Hour is:** *How can those of us who are awake rouse the Sleeping Giant, Labor—the working class—how to fire the toiler's brain with thoughts higher than a slave's thoughts; how to fill his soul with a holy Lust for Life, for all of Life, the Big Best Things of Real Life.*

I trust this little book will be helpful to many who are awake and making relentless war against the damnation of Ignorance and Meekness, helpful to the men and women whose souls are beautiful, very beautiful, with desire and courage.

A sublime change is coming over the world. Before you read what I have written in this small book, please read the following passages from the pen of one of the profoundest students of human society, one of the most powerful defenders of the working class in all the universities of the world, the late Dr. Lester F. Ward, of the Department of Sociology in Brown University. He wrote:

“What the human race requires is to be awakened to a consciousness of its condition.

“Throughout antiquity and well down through the Middle Ages the great mass of mankind were slaves. A little later they were serfs bound to the soil. Finally, with the abolition of slavery, the fall of the feudal system, and the establishment of the industrial system [the present wage system], this great mass took the form of a proletariat . . . considered of so little consequence that they are seldom mentioned by the great historians of Europe. . . .”

“The movement that is now agitating society is different from any of the previous movements. . . . It is nothing less than the coming to consciousness of the proletariat. The class who for ages were slaves or serfs are now voters in enlightened states. They have risen to where they begin to see out, and they are rising still higher.”—Ward: *Applied Sociology*, pp. 21, 28.

For thousands of years this world has belonged to and has been used for the special benefit of those who have had:

Knowledge and Sufficient Self-respect—to

**Seize the World,
Hold the World, and
Enjoy the World.**

Did you say, "The meek shall inherit the earth?"

Well, perhaps,—after the other kind get through with it.

The meek will inherit the earth—when they *cease to be meek*; and not till then. The meek will inherit the earth when they, at present in the majority, get up off their knees and boldly look their masters in the face and **demand**

The **Fullness of Life.**

But not till then.

The king of orator-agitators, Wendell Phillips, who gave his long, strong life to the working class, said, "A humble slave I despise. A rebellious slave I respect."

My friend, the climax of creation is—life.

The crown of the world is life, and **life uses the world.**

The higher forms of life use the lower forms of life.

The climax of life is *conscious* life.

The more conscious life uses the less conscious life.

The more conscious man uses the less conscious man,—the keenly conscious master uses the chloroformed slave.

The more conscious class uses the less conscious class.

Ignorance and meekness are signs and forms of low consciousness.

Ignorance and meekness are weakness.

Ignorance and meekness make the meek and ignorant the easy victims of the proud and educated.

This world always has been owned by, and is now owned by, and always will be owned by and controlled by and used for, the most conscious part of the world—and never by the meek. This is one of the unamendable and unrepeatable laws of Nature.

Consciousness is knowledge, and knowledge is power.

The powerful are sometimes modest but they are *never meek*.

Nature's high command is: "Defend yourself!" As with a rod of iron, Nature scourges every living thing to secure and make use of *some* form of power for self-defense.

Knowledge is the highest kind of power.

Human history is hundreds of thousands of years of illustration and demonstration that **pride and knowledge** are absolutely necessary for any and all who would avoid humiliating defeat in the race of life.

Meekness means defeat.

Ignorance means defeat.

Nature and history shout to us: "Stand up proudly and be wise promptly—or surrender, surrender your welfare, surrender the Big Best Things of Life, surrender the **Upper Side** of Life and accept *mere animal existence in the cellar of society.*"

Thruout the entire human struggle it is thus: Think—or sink. Think—or starve. Think—or shiver. Think—or be robbed, ruled, despised and socially damned.

Think—or crawl.

Think—or surrender.

The most revolutionary force in the world is a **larger idea of life**, burning with distinctness, in the brain of a *brave* slave.

The most revolutionary work in the world is the work of *conceiving and distributing* a larger idea of life—the work of rousing slaves from the life-damning *slave-slumber* of the centuries.

The most beautiful sight in the world is this: Two slaves at the bench or in the mine or elsewhere—one, awake, thrilling the brain of the other with the golden sunshine of loftier visions of life, lighting the deathless fire of desire **for more**, more life, finer life,—making his blinded brother's brain throb and flash *with desire that is higher than the flesh-pot purpose of a slave too*—deadened with toil to dream, unaided, of life, the life that **befits a man**.

Who will bear the torch to the meek slave's darkened, dreamless brain?

CHAPTER TWO

Think It Over

Life is the first and final purpose.
Labor is life's first and final necessity.
Life is very beautiful.
Labor is very beautiful.

Labor—the productive application of one's physical and mental energies in a successful *effort to secure more life*—labor in *this* sense is the mature and sound human being's supreme title to the right to live, the foundation of his sacred social right to stay on this earth for one more day or even one more hour.

Toil is not labor.

Toil is the joyless travail of those who are deceived—duped by exalted thieves in the control of *the means and conditions of industry*, duped into poverty, duped and forced into *excessive and painful* expenditure of life's energies for the cheap privilege of “staying alive”—in poverty.

Toil is not life.

Life is joyous.

Poverty is not life.

Life is beautiful.

Toil is stupid.

So is poverty.

Toil blunts life.

So does poverty.

Toil kills—kills joy.

So does poverty.

Labor is sublime: it glorifies life.

Toil is ridiculous: it belittles life.

Poverty is hideous: it prostitutes life.

THINK IT OVER

Labor is life; toil is death; and poverty is hell.

Cunning, shameless, shining thieves infest society and **manipulate and dominate the conditions of industry** in such manner that the productive worker is *robbed*, shrewdly and steadily robbed,—robbed into poverty, robbed till his *excessive* labor becomes toil.

Whoever recommends poverty is an ass or a rogue.

Whoever recommends toil is a fool or a thief.

Suppose toil and poverty *were* good things for human beings? Why—the entire human family could be swiftly plunged into poverty and toil by the simple absurdity of destroying the books, schools, tools and machines of the world. The toil-cursed slaves of the world should take careful notice that those dollar-marked rogues and intellectual street-walkers and social chloroformers who speak in cunning commendation of poverty and toil as developers of character and purifiers of the soul—these *shrewd parasites* never seem to want any poverty and toil for their own use or for the use of their own families.

Why not cease pretending—or lying—about this matter?

Toil and poverty are twin devils.

Toil and poverty spell hell—the hell of joyless grind, which some people *ignorantly mistake and accept as life*.

Toil and poverty wither, blast, blunt, stunt, crush, curse and slowly prostitute and crucify the soul, as well as the body.

What is the one big, rational purpose of knowledge and improved tools and modern machinery in industry? Why, simply this:—More product with less exertion—more life with less work.

With few exceptions, those who have *sense enough to do so*, promptly avoid both poverty and toil *just as soon as they have opportunity to do so*. And it is *quite right* that poverty and toil should be avoided, because life is the first and final purpose, and life requires **two conditions**:

Life—the real thing—life *abundant and lovely*—requires both **leisure and plenty**.

(Let us be frank about this matter:) It is not simply incon-

venient, it is quite impossible, to live like a man while you "work like a horse."

It has always been thus. And it will always be thus.

Heretofore—until very recently—the loveliness of decent leisure and the solid comfort of plenty have **not been possible**—for all of us.

For tens of thousands of years mankind has struggled to discover and get control of the resources and forces of the earth in order to make life possible—for all of us.

We have succeeded.

We have succeeded wonderfully well.

We have succeeded astonishingly well.

We succeeded just lately.

Very rapidly at present the success becomes greater.

Mankind now stands face to face with a **strictly new problem**, and that problem is this:

Shall all of us, or only some of us, have the **abundant** life which the abundant earth holds ready for all of us? (Stated otherwise, the problem is:)

For whom has this world been conquered—for all of us or only for some of us?

For whom have the earth's resources been discovered and her forces harnessed—for all of us or only for some of us?

The **First Era** of Human Life on this planet, an era of probably half a million years of effort to learn how to find and how to triumphantly make use of the **boundless resources** of the earth we live on—this era now draws to a climax, because mankind has **really succeeded**.* Mankind now stands at the dawn of a **New Era**, an Era of Possible **Leisure and Plenty for All**, because, with our present knowledge and control of the forces and resources of this earth, more life, and still

* On the Antiquity of the Human Race:

Has the human race been on this earth as long as five hundred thousand years? Of course, those who lived on earth hundreds of thousands of years ago are now keeping very quiet about their first birthday. However, scientists of great distinction are convinced by the evidence—that the antiquity of the human race is five hundred thousand years, or more; for example, Fiske: *Excursions of an Evolutionist*, pp. 75-76; Osborne: *Man of the Old Stone Age*, legend under illustration opposite page 86; Keith: *The Antiquity of Man*, pp. 510-11.

more life, and ever more abundant life is **now possible**, easily possible, for all of us.

Distinct as a banner waving in a cloudless sky, vivid as a mile-high flash of white-hot light at midnight, the following question stands out in the affairs of society and **boldly demands an answer**: **How much more life, how much more welfare, shall the workers have than they have now? Shall the big, best things of life become a constant part of the life of the workers of the world? How much life shall the workers get for the life they give?**

And the answer to this supreme question depends—depends upon two conditions:

First Condition:—Can we reach the brain of the meek? Can we stir the courage of the poor? How much of life can we teach the defeated to demand? How much longer can the majority be chloroformed and then cheated into accepting cheap imitations of life? How distinctly can we make the workers see that the **shallow and narrow** life they are permitted to have is far short of the life they *deserve*, far short of the life they *might* have, far short of the life they *ought* to have? How much life the workers shall have for the life they give, also depends upon the

Second Condition:—Can we break the following deadlock:

Wage-slavery perpetuates the poverty of the majority.

Poverty perpetuates the ignorance of the majority.

Despotism is perpetuated both by ignorance and by poverty. That is to say, despotism perpetuates itself by perpetuating its own foundations.

The Deadlock

Capitalism, the despotism of the wage-system, is perpetuated through the **industrial helplessness** of poverty and through the **moral helplessness** of meekness.

The **industrial helplessness** of the poor holds them steadily

under the heel of Greed. The lash of poverty is Greed's supreme weapon to drive the wage-slaves to their tasks, to compel them to submit to being fleeced.

The *weakness of the meekness of the ignorant* renders them the *willing* victims of shameless vampires. The meek never demand the fullness of life. The meekness of the multitude, the docility of the majority, is thus at the foundation of the present industrial despotism of wage-slavery, Capitalism.* And therefore the rulers of the present wage-slave despotism further insure their right to rule and rob the Giant, Labor, by promoting the teaching of meekness to the wage-slave, the meekness that humbly and stupidly accepts cheap imitations of Life.

Reader, kindly honor me by re-reading that deadlock thoughtfully. That deadlock looks like a mile-high, mile-thick wall of flinty steel across the highway of the working class on its sublime forward march to Justice. But wait a moment. Don't get discouraged. There is a key to "throw" that lock, a dynamite for blasting the barriers of despotism. It is *consciousness and courage*, produced by information, the information that breeds the *Deathless Desire that burns like an immortal torch in the soul of any man or any woman, of all men and of all women, who have caught sight of the real meaning of Justice and Life.*

A meek slave has a *petty idea of life*—always, no exceptions.

Ever the ruling class seek to have the working class chloroformed—put into a *deep sleep of stupid contentment with a small, mean part of life.*

Caught at birth in the prison of poverty and ignorance, the great mass of human beings toil, breed and die, cheated of *full-grown* life, many millions of them stunted physically, and not one in a thousand of them reaching his full intellectual height and power. Thus the children of the working class, nearly all of them, like fish, are doomed.

* The psychology of docility is given one-fourth of the entire work, *Outlines of Psychology*, by Dr. Josiah Royce, of Harvard University.

(The female eel lays more than a million eggs, though but few of the young eels ever reach complete maturity.) The female salmon lays almost two million eggs; only a few of them, however, are developed to mature age and size. **The conditions in which they make their struggle for existence** are such that the young are slaughtered or stunted.

And thus it is (under the present competitive capitalist despotism) with the multitude who constitute the working class, the mothers of the wage-earning class breed many millions of children; but, suffocated by poverty, their children are held in ignorance and rarely reach their full mental growth; indeed **more than half** of all the children of the wage-earning class are *dead before they are twenty years of age*, and for nearly all the (remaining half of them) life means a cheap reward, for a dull grind of blasting toil in the solemn shadows of helpless poverty, helpless ignorance and helpless shame-faced meekness.

No human being ever rises higher than his own philosophy. The fundamental thing in philosophy is the idea of life.

What life is, and what life *might* be, and what life *ought* to be—these are the prime questions in one's philosophy of life.

The meek always have petty answers to these questions. The meek are always **suspicious of themselves**, forever under-rating their own right to be—their own right to be full grown, their own right to be happy in the possession and full enjoyment of the **big, best things of life.**

Thus the pettiness of meekness is the damnation of the meek, *for it is because they are meek that they are so easily robbed and ruled.*

And therefore only when the workers are *roused from the stupor of their meekness* will they make effective demands for freedom and justice.

We rarely demand what we feel we do not deserve, and we never demand what we do not see.

The majority can have anything and everything they have sense enough to see and grit enough to demand.

The majority, however, damned with the meekness of igno-

rance and poverty, will never demand **all of life** till they can be helped distinctly to realize *what life really is*,—till they realize that *a full-grown life can not be commanded with wages*.

Jesus Christ was promptly murdered because he taught that life is more than meat and because he so steadily defended the downmost man and the downmost woman whose lives were pinched and wrecked by poverty and ignorance.

And so to-day the Cæsars of industry dread to have the working class get a **larger, deeper, greater idea** of Life, of Welfare, of Justice.

When the workers are roused from the deep sleep of meekness, the day of Justice will dawn.

To make progress toward justice the working class—morning, noon and night—must despise the approval of the ruling class. And very specially the slave should cunningly read precisely what his master and his master's prostitutes advise him not to read on *what ought to be*. The printing press, unbribed by plutoeracy, is the heavy cannon to be turned against the bastille of Poverty, Ignorance and Meekness. Let the mighty thunder of the workers' multiplied scorn roar throughout the world against the vile philosophy of meekness, and with a definition of and a demand for the **upper** side of life.

CHAPTER THREE

The Upper Side of Life

"Man is incapable of satisfaction."—Goethe: Prolog to *Faust*.

The most terrible and dangerous *privilege* that Society can give to any men and women is the privilege of **stealing the lives** of other men and women—on the *installment plan*. For example, a chattel slave is a brain-darkened, living-dead man, unburied, a man whose respected master, year after year, according to law, steals the slave's life—in daily installments. It is the prominent, leading citizen's horrible privilege—to take life.

Life?

What is Life?

Everybody talks about life. Everybody wants life—at least a little bit of the lower part of the under side of life.

Few people have **Life**.

Most people, nearly all the working people, have,—well, let's see—what *do* the working people have? They have simply a little shallow share of life made up of humbling worries, petty economizing, and daily grinding tasks—down in the cellar of existence,—the misery of drudgery. And a horse has that—minus the worry.

The problem of life is simply—*more* life.

The goal of life is—*more* life.

Life loves life.

The supreme strife is the strife for life.

Now, what **kind** of life are you striving for?

Under what **kind** of conditions are you striving for life?

In the game of life the dice of life are loaded—and you lose—if your struggle for a "living" consumes your life. You

lose the upper side of your life, if for all your striving you always secure only the lower side of life. *Your life is stolen.* As was true of the chattel slaves of old, so to-day the lives of millions upon millions of toilers are stolen, day by day are stolen—as they flounder, blinded and blasted in brain-darkened ignorance, helpless in the deep bogs and thick, black shadows of poverty.

Most people are drowned in the dead sea of poverty.

Here following is some first-class testimony on the power of poverty to strangle the soul, the power of poverty to sterilize the mind. The distinguished editor of the *Review of Reviews*, Dr. Albert Shaw, says:

"There can not be culture among the masses of the people without such diffusion of wealth as will support culture." Albert Shaw, Editor-in-Chief *Review of Reviews*, in *The Outlook for the Average Man*, p. 58.

Dr. Simon N. Patten, Head Professor of Political Economy, University of Pennsylvania, writes:

"A second difference between *men and animals* arises out of the social classes which differences in *income* create. The poor are in this way subject to exploitation and held in the grip of want. Dr. Wood says men have choices and can escape their environment. This is in a degree true of the higher income levels but not of the poor. Their fate is as definite and as objective as that of any lower animals. Along with poverty goes physical retardation, and the two combined are responsible for the mass of traits associated with the poor. A full maturity depends upon stimuli that evoke activity and hence promote growth. . . . This means that wealth is needed to place around each family the proper objects to excite interest: without them the psychic powers are dormant and the physical are regressive. The environment of a man is determined not by his geographical habitat but by his income." (*Popular Science Monthly*, Oct., 1911.)

In the April number of the *World's Work*, 1903, p. 3328, is this:

"Twenty years ago some of the City Libraries charged fees of perhaps a dollar a year. Mark what followed a change of policy. In Springfield, Massachusetts, this charge was abolished in 1885; the next year with open doors the users of the Library increased 700 per cent. So in St. Louis and elsewhere."

Thus is shown the power of poverty to suffocate the mind in the struggle for existence, the power of poverty to force the

human mind to surrender the upper side of life, the power of poverty to hold human beings down to the lower side of life.

Let us take your case, if you are a *wage-earner*.

Does your long-day struggle for bread inspire you and thrill your brain with the joy of many beautiful thoughts?

Does your struggle for existence *permit* you to think—and think much—about anything *except the struggle*?

Does the battle with the wolves of poverty leave you *plenty of leisure and energy* for thinking, thinking with triumphant power and joyousness? Be honest, now,—how much do you *live—in your brain*?

Of course you have heard of the lower animals—haven't you? *Lower animals*?

Well, if there are lower animals then there must be some higher animals. That's easy, isn't it?

Now, the chief difference between the lower animals and the higher animals is in how much they think, and how high they think and how low they think—*what they think about*. The thinking determines the scale or grade of life.

Yes, life is chiefly a matter of thinking.

Where are you—in your head or in your stomach?

Where do you live—upstairs or in the cellar of human experiences called life?

Man is a mind—like a god.

Man has a body—like a lower animal.

So many people get lost—in their stomachs, so to speak—like the lower animals. They seem to have no compass; they can't find the North Star of Life. They get lost in the Dismal Swamp, in the Dead Sea, called *the struggle for existence*—like the lower animals. For these people the struggle for existence is *almost wholly* a struggle to satisfy the *body's* needs—just as it is for the lower animals.

Thus the noble human mind is consumed serving the body,—when life is wrong-side up.

But the body is an instrument to serve the mind,—when life is right-side up.

Do you drink? Yes!

Well, what do you drink—above your mouth? How much of truth and beauty do you drink into your brain?

Are the wings of your soul broken? Can't you fly—upstairs into the world of truth and beauty?

Is it drudgery and worry and brain-dulled animal contentment with the body's plainest pleasures for you—or, is it work with joy and the ease of leisure with the love and light and life of truth and beauty for you? Really, which is it?

What time of day is it in your development?

How much of life have you learned to want?

What do you prefer? Your own answer to **that** question is *the absolutely correct test of your condition*, a perfect photograph of your mind.

How high do you hope—in life?

How much of life do you demand?

How much *can* you enjoy? How much are you *permitted* to enjoy—of this world's **best** things?

How much of life do you get for the life you give?

What is there in this world for you?

What are you struggling for?

Wages?

Wages! Ha!

Are you so deadened and shriveled by slavery that your plundered, humbled soul hungers for no more of life than wages will pay for? Really?

Which will wages guarantee you: real life, or mere bodily existence filled with brain-dulling fear?

Does present society insure you against mental starvation? or does present society simply offer you a job—and that only uncertainly and but part of the time—with wages barely sufficient for your work-strained body to live on?

To merely “get a living,” to have a meagerly, cheap “living” and still be **contented** is like going to sleep in hell.

Sometimes, in burning insane asylums, contented lunatics laugh in the agonies of death while their flinching flesh roasts and their laughing lips shrivel in the flames. Unhinged mentally, they make no conscious protest. Contented!

Have you lost anything? Look sharply—perhaps you have lost your life—and are so dead you don't know it. One can't be too careful about being too easily contented. The slaves in all ages have had their pockets picked. Their masters, with terrible privileges, touched them, plucked them,—took their lives, day by day, and gave them mere existence, and *cunningly taught them to be contented*. Stifled mentally, chloroformed with contentment, the slaves made no effective protest.

Contentment with slavery is the slave's supreme curse.

Ignorant contentment in poverty is the mill-stone that drags on the neck of labor. Cheated into poverty at birth and by poverty suffocated into beastly indifference, and then by beastly indifference easily held quiet in the hell of poverty—this is the whirlpool that drags the multitude down to the bottom of life and holds them there in the mud and misery of existence.

It is an awful thing to be a fool. I ought to know—for I've tried it.

Aren't we fools if we *willingly* toil and toil and toil—always toil—for mere wages to get mere existence in a world that is **now ready** to yield an **abundant** life for all of us?

Abundant life—strange phrase, isn't it? What does that mean—“Abundant Life”?

Life—short word, isn't it? Life!

Did you ever have any of it?—any *real* life, I mean?

Life!

What is Life?

I should like to have a word with you concerning life and the dignities and delights that charm and glorify the mind and thus distinguish the life of a man from the life of a brute.

Yes, let me write some paragraphs about life—life the supreme thing.

Again I ask you, *What is life?*

Reader, if you could make a perfect definition of life, a perfect description of life, it would make your name immortal in the world of literature and art and science. Many of the world's greatest minds have tried—over and over again—to

make a perfect definition of life, and failed. Try it yourself. Try to define the word, the supreme word, life—won't you? Come now, give us a thoroughly good definition, an inclusive, distinctive, correct description of the wonderful word, life.

Life is the most difficult word in human language to define briefly and perfectly—because life is the *climax of creation*, the most inclusive and exclusive and elusive "substance" in the whole realm of Nature. Life is the last and loftiest product of the evolving forces and processes in the mighty stellar reservoir of Nature.

Life is the finest form and flash of energy, the most wonderful and mysterious light now burning in a Universe studded with shining millions of flaming suns. Life is the very super-fire in a Universe of whirling, white-hot stars of fire. Life is the undefinable, feeling, seeing, throbbing essence of all creation.

Life is the latest, highest thing without which all other things mock us with the mystery of their meaning, taunt us with the supreme secret and hold back their answer to our question: What for?

To everything in time and space, to every atom and to every chemical and stellar combination in all Nature the human mind puts this question: What for? Backward across many millions of years we look upon Nature's *infinite effort* and ask: What for? But till life appears, Nature is dumb. Till life appears there is no answer to that question—none whatever—and the Universe is a stupid puzzle.

A very early "event" in the record of this Earth of ours was the formation of a crust, the first stage in its becoming a "solid," sufficiently cool and solid for the production and purpose of life. Millions of years ago all the "stuff," all the material, of which this Earth is composed, was more than white hot, a thousand times too hot to produce or sustain any form of life. (What for?) Slowly the Earth formed and cooled. (What for?)

The second great event in the evolution of this world was the appearance of life, the humblest possible combination of

matter flashing, so to speak, with a new kind of fire. Infinitely strange new flame beginning to burn on a cooling world, the very lowest, simplest *form and grade* of life.

Distilling, refining, urging, burning, redistilling, Nature's retort finally began to glow with the very sublimate of stardust, the supreme *substance and purpose* of Nature, Life. Mechanical Nature, hitherto barren (in our part of the Universe) *smiled at last with Life* and became—Mother. A New Era opened—with a meaning, a meaning that radiated over all the past and flashed into the far, far future. Thus and then and there began the *sublime climb* of the ever upward leaping, the ever *self-improving*, flame of life.

The meaning of the Universe—if it have any meaning—is Life. Nature's purpose—if she have any purpose—is Life. And the *highest activity* of the *lowest* and of the *highest* life is the increasing and the *refining of itself*,—more life, finer life.

Historically, the first form or grade of life was, apparently, *vegetal* life.

The next (or perhaps contemporaneous) great event in the history of this Earth was the advent of the lowest form of *animal* life,—a thing with feelings, feelings that evolved into true emotions, emotions that have ripened into triumphant aspirations and sublime desires.

With infinite patience and energy and labor and time and sacrifice Nature improved animal life.

Finally, the fourth great event, the climax of millions upon millions of years, the tree of life burst into *full bloom*, bore its *supreme fruit*, **Man**. Then the world, dark with mystery before, grew light, clear, beautiful with meaning in Man, the crown of creation. Then began the great problem play, the tragedy and the triumph, the glorious drama of Human Life on this planet, Nature ever straining forward toward the goal of Nature, a perfect life, a life full of power and pride and love and beauty—filled with noble visions and fired by sublime desires.

Mark well the promise in the superb climb of life up from

the ancient single-cell life to the conquering combinations of mind and matter and desire in the human brain. The goal is life, the highest life. The highest life is human life—refined, full, gentle and powerful.

If you are more than a clod, more than a block of granite, more than a star, it is life that makes you so. If your life is essentially *different* from the life of a worm or a fish or a horse or a savage, it is the **quality** and **degree** of your life that make your life superior. And if you really *are* more than a human ox, *more* than a hope-dead human tool, *more* than a toil-damned slave, it is *the visions, decisions, conditions and full-rounded joys and powers of refined, filled, thrilled life that make you more.*

Oh, if I could only help the life-starved, living corpses who toil—and only toil—if I could but help them catch one clear vision of life, the life that can **not** be purchased or commanded with wages, the life that is *more* than “getting a living,” a lean, mean, petty “living”! If I could I would quickly fill every toiler’s heart with hot desire—and demand—for life, the life that marks the god in man, the life that lets us soar above the beasts.

Can you measure life?—I do not mean in days and years—any child can do that. If life is measured by time, then an oyster, a toad or an elephant lives just as much in twelve months as a human being lives in that amount of time. And if life is measured by toil, by so-called “good, hard, honest labor,” then a horse or a chattel slave lives just as much as Raphael, Darwin or Shelley. Can you measure life in quality and degree? I wish you could. I wish I could. As a thermometer is an instrument for measuring degrees of heat, so a biometer, of the sort most needed, would be an instrument for measuring life, in *quality* and *degree*. But there is no such instrument for measuring life. Yet we can with some accuracy measure the quality and degree of life. Let us think of this matter for a moment.

Man is an *animal*. An animal? Yes, that is the *universal* conclusion of scientists. No doubt of it—man is indeed an

animal; and *that fact makes it far easier to explain why he so often acts like a monkey, or a tiger, or a goose, and why, in many cases, he is so easily and meekly satisfied with a brute’s doom.*

Yes, man is an animal—but he is also more, manifestly infinitely more *when he reaches his full mental and social size*—when his life is beautiful with mental riches and ripe with social purposes.

With bones and flesh and blood formed of breath and food, and drink, man is a true animal—physically. But with power to successfully question the whole Universe for the secrets of its methods and meaning, and with power to arrange this acquired information into organized knowledge called science; with power to transmute his highest thoughts and feelings into forms of immortal glory in marble, on canvas and in literature; with conscious power and purpose to make the world mean more and more—with such power and purpose man is more, infinitely more, than an animal.

Any effort to measure quality and degree of life must take account of the fact that man is an animal—physically, and that by virtue of infinite degrees of mental superiority and godlike mental hungers he is also Something Else—spiritually.

Here are some of the profound differences between the chief pleasures that a lower animal can have and the distinguishing pleasures that a human animal may have:

First.—Some of the physical pleasures which man has in common with the lower animals may not be had in extreme youth or in old age nor can any of the intensest physical pleasures be continued long at a time or oft repeated at short intervals.

Second.—The distinguishing human pleasures, the pleasures of the conscious mind, may begin in early youth, may continue with increasing fineness and intensity through the prime of life, and may be beautiful and genuine and intense in extreme old age.

Third.—*Man is the only creature incapable of complete satisfaction, ever impelled forward by revised aims and recon-*

structed ideals, the only animal that not only by evolution but by conscious revolution proudly marches on to a greater destiny.

Man is the only animal whose brain is deeply impressible—whose mind is open, pliable and easily teachable—for the first twenty years of his life.

Man is the only animal that can study the pages of the geological book of rocks, miles thick, and read there the sublime climb of life up from the ancient faintly pulsing ooze, up to the modern gods of science and art and literature. Man is the only animal that can look back, down across tens of thousands of years of his own history and gather lessons there for the further upward guidance of the ever onward marching human race. Man is the only animal that has learned to take charge of his own destiny, revise his own purposes, conceive justice, and make progress *consciously*. Man is the only animal that has made his own improvement a science and an art. Man is the only animal that can immortalize his highest thoughts and feelings in print and paint and stone and hand them across the chasm of a thousand years of time for the delight and inspiration of far-off generations of men. Man is the only animal whose highest pleasure is in the promotion of truth and beauty and justice. Man is the only animal that has ever succeeded in triumphantly matching the joys of his brain against the pleasures of the palate, the belly and the loins. Man! the supreme creature wherein Nature achieves her masterpiece, "harp, musician and listener," in the concert of Life on the program of Time.

And man—alas! ~~alas!~~ man is the only animal that can be tricked into meekly waiting till after death to have the highest joys of life. The human carpenter is the only living creature that will proudly build a home of noble beauty and yet can be kept too stupidly humble to live in it. Man is the only animal that can be cheated into believing that his poverty here and now on the abundant earth will hereafter give him riches in the barren, silent deserts of the sky.

With this understanding of some of the things of life, kindly

study the following outline or map of life,—then carefully examine *your own case*, and frankly **classify** yourself with reference to *where you live* and *what your life is*—mostly—above or below the "dead-line" on the map of life.

THE MAP OF LIFE

THE TRUTH AND BEAUTY OF

Music
Painting
Sculpture
Architecture
Literature
The Drama
Science
Philosophy
Education (Power, Taste, Purpose, Sym-
pathy and Vision)
Travel (for Pleasure and Education)
The Nobler Social Delights
Leisure—for any and all of these forms
and phases of the Upper Side of Life
Work, with Freedom from Fear

WHAT the
MIND NEEDS
above the dead-line
in order to be
DISTINGUISHED
from the
LOWER ANIMALS

WHAT the
BODY NEEDS
in order to be most
effectively suited to
the MIND'S use and
for wholesome WORK
and LIFE above
the lower animals

GOOD Food—and Plenty of It
GOOD Clothing—in Ample Supply
GOOD Shelter—Abundant Room and
Elegant Simplicity
WORK, without Fear

These are the foundations of Life, and also the
means and the elements, or constituents, of experi-
ence which, chiefly, constitute the Upper-Side of Life

THE DEAD-LINE THE DEAD-LINE THE DEAD-LINE

WHAT a SLAVE
MUST HAVE
for 'existence'—
in order to be a
satisfactory
chattel-slave or
serf-slave or
wage-slave

CHEAP Food
CHEAP Clothing
CHEAP Shelter

This is the Dismal Swamp, the Dead
Sea, of LIFE BELOW THE DEAD
LINE. This is the LEVEL OF
LIFE to which the MASTERS IN
ALL AGES have always invited and
commanded the WORKING class—
the CHATTEL slave class, the
SERF-slave class, and the present
WAGE-slave class.

Wages will not command abundant life above the dead-line.

And thus under the present wage-and-profit system of industry the *dice of life* are loaded against the working class. For, if the wage-slaves wake to the meaning of life, and struggle and strike to **rise to justice** above the dead-line, they will be **starved, jailed or shot**. That is the employers' program—for the working class.

Any (well-dressed, well-fed, well-housed) man or woman who seeks to chloroform (that is, advises and flatters) meanly-dressed, meanly-fed, meanly-housed wage-slaves to be *contented*—any such man or woman is an insipid fool or a dangerous fraud. A god of justice would *damn* any pious liar, any simpering intellectual prostitute or wealth-stuffed leech, who cunningly commends the so-called "honor" and "discipline" of poverty to the *wage-paid* workers and yet at the same time eagerly and carefully *defends himself and his own children* against the tusks of the wolves of want in the swamps and deserts of *wage-paid poverty*—below the dead-line.

The working class must refuse to be any longer **cheated with cheap imitations of life**. The working class must **invite themselves upstairs to life, to Life Abundant**.

All of life for all of us is *the aim of those* **of us** who are not fattened on profits, or silenced with bribes, or shriveled and sterilized with false teachings.

If the *Upper-Side* of Life would be "morally hurtful," "dangerous," or "socially unwise," for all of the so-called "common people," for all of the great multitude who toil, then *Nature has made a mistake*, effort is an error, aspiration is ridiculous, and the boastful claims of civilization are mocking absurdities.

Now where are **you** on the map of life?

Is your life made up chiefly of the *dull damnation of fear and of a stupefying struggle* to escape starvation and rags while you toil,—and shelterless shame in your old age? Or is your life free from fret, ~~safe~~, safe from poverty, safe from mental sterility, safe from the stupidity of animal contentment,—filled with noble activities in which you joyously and justly create at least as much as you consume, enriching your own soul with well-used, abundant leisure, making happy those about you, thinking, thinking, thinking about the beauty and the glory and the meaning of a wholesome human soul, alive in a thrilling body, thinking of the flesh and blood, the very dust, of your body flashing with physically joyous health and the flesh of your brain flashing with radiant mental life?

Where do you live in the scale of Life?

Once more, I ask you: What is Life?

Life is the pleasure of joyous work and the loveliness of **life-improving leisure**—above the dead-line.

By carefully estimating your knowledge, activities, tastes, powers, pleasures, privileges, purposes, sympathies and social vision you can pretty accurately determine whether you have the mere existence of a mind-starved, brain-dulled slave or the real life of a free person.

The *present condition* of your mind is indicated by your power to think, by your *disposition* to think, and by the *amount of truth and beauty* you have already assimilated into your mind—and by the **intensity of your thirst for more of Life**. The condition of your brain is indicated by the *amount of brain product you consume or wish to consume*.

Life? Life is the pleasure of leisure—without fear and work—without robbery—above the dead-line.

Life is rendering social service and receiving social justice.

Life is the pleasure of harmony and the harmony of pleasure—above the dead-line.

Life is the delight of escaping from the *tyranny* of the beast's pleasures of the ancient jungle; the delight of knowing that with a wholesome amount of joyous labor you can have

a full and varied share of the upper-side of life; the joy of knowing that in the great game of life you are not doomed to draw a blank and lose, doomed to drudgery and misery below the dead-line; the keen pleasure of knowing that with reasonable labor and rational leisure you can easily create an abundance and that you may justly have what your body needs and what your soul desires.

Life is the loveliness of labor and leisure enthusiastically devoted to transforming egoism into altruism, ugliness into beauty, sounds into music, language into literature, "knowledge" into science, darkness into light, lust into love, social and mental barrenness into the ethereally delicate elations that thrill the human heart and brain.

Life is escape from the frigid loneliness of wolfish individualism into the genial sunshine of fraternal collectivism.

Life is the discernment that if wholesomely intimate, decently dignified, beautifully *socialized relationships* with a few of one's neighbors yield priceless pleasures for the socially hungry human heart—as they do—then the deep and sincere socialization of all mankind would fulfill the fondest dreams of the boldest poets in their holiest hours of hope and creative meditation on the future of mankind.

They and they alone begin to know life's true meaning and begin to measure life aright whose lives include at least:

Disgust for the brute's doom,

Hunger for the upper side of life, and

Demand for all the delights of life for every ~~life~~.

If (most of) the best of our waking hours and energies are consumed in wearying toil for only sufficient wages to purchase (scarcely more than) cheap food and cheap clothing and cheap shelter for our physical bodies, we are likely to die many years before we are buried—deadened, dead to the splendid pleasures upstairs—above the dead-line. We live downstairs—in the cellar of Society.)

And that is hell—if you know it; and if you do not know it, you are, to that extent, like a brute,—like a "lower" animal.

Oysters are happy—certainly they are happy—and they are happy because the life they live can be lived where they need and desire very, very, very little—on their low level of life.

Under Capitalism, the present form of society, many millions of workers live chiefly the life of humble animalism, robbed of the upper side of life; and there they are socially damned and despised by the "prominent" people, despised by the "upper classes."

"Upper classes?"

Up where?

Up above the dead-line, sneering at the toilers sweating and worrying below the dead-line, sneering at the toilers' humbling struggle for the bare necessities, scoffing at the workers' fourth-rate, *cheap imitations* of comforts and luxuries.

In dull, dumb meekness and obedience the working class toil on and on in the mud of life bearing the capitalist class upon their shoulders—the workers, millions of them, *dead to the splendors of life*—asleep in the hell of slavery.

But they shall wake. They shall wake from the **sleep of cheap contentment**. They shall rise from their living death in slavery.

Do you keenly enjoy a splendid picture? You don't!

Well, that is too bad. Don't say a word about it. *Neither does a horse enjoy such things*. Horses do not care for the upper side of life; they care nothing whatever, for example, for the artist's glorious painting that serves the upper side of life.

Do you enjoy and deeply appreciate great dramatic creations, or great books on art, or science, or philosophy,—do you care and care *much* for such things? Really don't you?

Keep quiet about your not enjoying these things. A cow or a horse or a sheep cares nothing whatever for such things. The upper side of life is all nonsense to the lower animal, and also to a good many men who noisily boast about being successful and intelligent and civilized.

By the way, did you ever hear of a goat reading Keats's

Ode to a Nightingale or Shelley's *Ode to a Skylark*? Or did you ever see a goose or a dog or a horse or a sheep listening raptly in deep appreciation to a magnificent passage of music, or worshipping before immortal beauty in marble or on canvas or stilled in adoration of the gold-and-silver glory on the clouds in a perfect sunset, or looking with admiring love and wonder into the star-spangled sky at night thinking: *What does it all mean?*

No—and you never will.

These creatures care not at all for art, for science, for literature, for education, for culture—for life above the dead-line.

These creatures *can't* live the upper side of life, *can't* live above the dead-line—because they haven't brains enough to live those forms of life. They *cannot* get upstairs in life.

These creatures can't think high, and they must therefore live low—forever.

These surrender. Do you get that?—These brutes surrender.

And human beings of the working class, millions of them, can't enjoy the glories of art and science, can't expand their souls with long joyful years of university training and wide travel; can't live and learn and learn to live the upper side of life, can't get above the dead-line, *cannot get into the upper story of life*, cannot escape the damnation of dull, shallow existence—cannot escape the **coarse curse of drudgery** for *cheap food, cheap clothing, cheap shelter* and a few other cheap necessities—*not because they haven't brains enough* but because:

(First.)—The **industrial foundations** of human life are to-day *owned and controlled* as **private property** by a **part of the people, a class, a class of masters**;

Second.—The **right of private property** in the **industrial foundations** of society divides society into *two classes*, creates two classes, a class of industrial masters and a class of industrial dependents, or *wage-slaves*;

Third.—Masters never plan splendid lives for slaves; and,

Fourth.—The working class have not yet **realized** these facts—they have not yet **traced their condition to the true causes** as stated in the foregoing propositions.

The children of *chattel* slaves were born into a trap,—born below the dead-line in an *industrial system* in which the ruling class **planned** a life below the dead-line for the chattel slaves.

The children of *wage*-slaves at present are also born into a trap—born below the dead-line—yes, born into a trap, into an *industrial system* in which the industrial ruling class **plan** a life below the dead-line for the workers *born with the yoke of the wage-system upon their necks, caught in the bondage of Capitalism.*

Under Capitalism the wage-slave shall not have—is *not permitted* to have—more of life than **wages** will pay for.

That is settled—absolutely.

That is arranged for the wage-slave's child *even before the child is born.*

Reader, it is most important that you realize—and realize distinctly:

First.—*That to-day society is industrially conducted and controlled for profits; that the purpose of the employer, and of the employer class, is profits; that the present capitalist system of industry, the wage-system, is a system for realizing profits.*

Second.—*That it is profitable for the capitalist class to arrange that the level of life for the wage-earners shall be below the dead-line;*

Third.—*That, for the game of profits, it would be so dangerous as to be impossible, under the wage-system, to permit the wage-earning class to have sufficient reward to let them fill their lives with life above the dead-line;—and that it would be dangerous for this reason; namely,*

The more of life we have the more of life we want—and demand.

A slave *asleep in his slavery* is a **safe** slave. An ignorant, *contented* slave will wallow in poverty, swallow flattery and even proudly play with his chains—his brain paralyzed on the

subject of justice. Such a slave can even be bribed to shoot his own fellow slave for striving to be free. *Ignorance is an inexpensive prison in which to hold back the souls and bodies of slaves—to hold them down in slavery.*

Now, if the present wage-and-profit industrial system is to be continued, then no matter how marvellously developed the knowledge and the machinery and the power of production may become; no matter if the world could be easily crammed with wealth by the workers serving only five or six hours a day; no matter if the very earth could be easily made to laugh with superabundance for all;—still the wage-earning class **must be kept below the dead-line** in long-day toil and in cheap dull humility and contentment with poverty, or forced to acceptance of actual or threatened unemployment; the workers, as a class, **must not be permitted** to have more of life than that below the dead-line—**lest, having tasted more,** they will **want still more, and with their mighty class strength, demand more.**

Thus the *only* thing the present capitalist class can do, the one thing the employers **must** do to *save the capitalist system from swift and sudden destruction*, is to **hold the workers in ignorant meekness and helpless poverty** below the dead-line—*with flattery and lies if possible, and with court and jail and rifle and machine gun as a last resort.* The employer master class **dare not permit** the working class to have five or even two short years above the dead-line. *Two short years* of joyous work and all the charm of justice above the dead-line, *two brief years* of light and life and fellowship in happy work and leisure, *two years* of deep drinking at the fountains of life above the dead-line, would make the workers *immediately and unanimously and defiantly rebellious against any proposition to return them to the old order, to the old reward and the old slavish sloth of contented human oxen—rebellious against the old (the present) wage-and-profit capitalist system.* The working class, *roused by two years of justice,* would **hold fast to the life they had thus enjoyed and would demand all the rest of life in sight above the dead-line.** Thus the work-

ing class would promptly become far more rebellious than the gladly honored American Revolutionists. Because:—

The more of life we have the more of life we demand.

The *dull, shallow* life purchasable with wages,—that is *all* the life the ruling class *dare* offer the slave class of the wage-system.

That's all. Simply wages.

But *wages* will not command art and plenty of time for it.

Wages will not command opportunity for the study of art and science and philosophy, and *plenty of leisure for such things*.

Wages will not command an *abundance of life* above the dead-line and plenty of leisure for it.

Wages will not admit you to the upper side of life with plenty of leisure for it.

Wages?

What are *wages*?

Wages are the *leavings*. Wages are what the working class get *after* the capitalist class have filled their pockets with the surplus called *rent, interest and profits*.*

Wages are only part of what the wage-earner produces.

The capitalist employer skims the cream, the surplus value, from the lives of the wage-earners. And this *terrible privilege of stealing the lives* of the workers, this terrible privilege of *legally robbing the workers*, is given to the employer by allowing him to own privately what the workers have to use when they work. This kind of ownership, this private ownership of means of production gives the employer the control of life, **BECAUSE IT GIVES HIM THE CONTROL OF THE INDUSTRIAL FOUNDATIONS OF LIFE**. The capitalist's private ownership of the industrial foundations of society gives the capitalist class the industrial power and privilege of *arranging the life-level of the working class*—below the dead-line. **Fortified with this incomparable power and privilege and having profits as their goal and purpose**, the capitalist class

* Rent, interest, and profits are different names for the three legalized forms of capitalist filching commonly called profits.

agree and propose a so-called "*living*" wage, a wage sufficient (only sufficient) to pay for a "*living*" *below the dead-line* for the working class. And the capitalist class, by virtue of their fortified industrial position, also have the legal right, the legal power, the legal privilege of having the workers **starved, jailed, or shot**, if they demand more than a so-called "*living*" wage.

If the workers produced **twice** as much to-morrow as to-day, their reward to-morrow would still be a "*living*" wage—**below the dead-line**.

If the workers next year or five years from now or twenty years from now or fifty years from now—if then they should be able to produce **five times** as much, or **ten times** as much or a **hundred times** as much as they produce at present, they would still be paid with a "*living*" wage—**below the dead-line**.

That is all.

And that is settled.

A few extra slices of bacon and an extra suit of shoddy, hand-me-down clothing and an occasional "extra five-dollar, round-trip excursion" (on Sunday)—these "liberal additions" to their former income would be cunningly pointed to by the capitalist as "*great prosperity*" and the "*splendid progress of the working class*." But the working class would still be **below the dead-line**.

That is the program.

In the philosophy of Capitalism—in the creed and greed of Capitalism—a bare living is a fair wage.

That is Capitalism, the wage-and-profit system of industry.

Wages, payment in wages, leaves a **rake-off**, the thick sweet cream of capitalist industry, a surplus, an increasing surplus, for the capitalist class. No matter how thick the cream of industry becomes, it belongs to the capitalist class—they have so arranged industry—and they take this surplus, all of it.

With this rake-off, this surplus, the capitalist lives with unsocial purpose, lives in insulting luxury and insolent tyranny. And with this surplus also the fortress walls of

Capitalism are built high and strong against the working class—ready: courts are ready, mayors and city councils are ready, governors and state legislatures are ready, presidents and national legislatures are ready, sheriffs, policemen, militiamen, cossacks, gun-men and federal soldiers are ready, *ready to protect the ruling class.* Thus fortified, the ruling class have the jail, the bayonet and the whip of starvation with which to crush and lash the workers to defeat and surrender if they proudly strike for larger life—above the dead-line.

That is Capitalism, the wage-and-*profit* system of industry.

What shall the future be?

Shall we think, rise and live in light above the dead-line?—or shall we surrender and exist like dumb cattle forever below the dead-line?

Wake up! Stand up!

Defend yourself!

I challenge you to help destroy Capitalism, the wage-and-profit system, under which the employer-master crowds you and crushes you and your children down below the dead-line and then sneers at you for your cheap life, sneers at you for your poverty, sneers at you for being a tame, blind slave, and insults you with the slur that you are ignorant and poor because you "haven't brains enough to be otherwise."

"Haven't brains enough?"

We shall see.

Here and now I promise you that in the next chapter of this little book I shall attend to that infamous lie and infinite insult that "the workers haven't brains enough" to entitle them to freedom from poverty.

That grinning, snorting sneer of the ruling class at the brains of the working class is the symbol of the historic contempt that Cæsar has always felt for the slave beneath his heel humbly gasping, "If you please." Emperors, kings, masters, rulers of all kinds in all lands everywhere have always had contempt for meekness, contempt for humility,

contempt for cringing docility, contempt for a yoke-galled slave with his spineless, prideless "Thank you" for the crusts of life.

Against insult, against robbery, against the lash and bayonet of tyranny the working *class* must defend *itself*—and with pride, courage and defiance.

The faded blood of cowards was never sacred.

The Present is petty with "**We humbly request.**"

What of the Future?

The Future will be magnificent with "**We demand.**"

There are souls, millions of souls, shrivelled by poverty, torn by the wolves of want, unstirred by the grandeur of the stars above, unthrilled by the glorious thought of justice, millions of noble souls with nerveless hearts, with flameless eyes, their hopes in ashes, weary, weakened, sickened, outcast, strangers to the upper side of life, blinded with tears of grief, dumb with disappointment and despair, suffocated into prideless humility, betrayed into senseless acceptance of a brute's doom for themselves and their children—contented—in a beast's stupor contented—below the dead-line.

There are indeed millions of these—sleeping—deadened—almost dead to the call to rise to joy and justice.

But these shall wake—even *these shall wake.*

In these, aye, even in these, stifled ones the god will yet stir, the god of the passion for loftier and lovelier living—above the dead-line. Even in these crushed, stunned ones will grow up a **superbly proud contempt** for any philanthropy, for any philosophy, for any religion, for any education, for any statesmanship, for any industrial system, for any leadership that cunningly leaves the fleeced and cheated multitudes in the swinish wallow of the belly's beastly joys and leaves the brain a desert, stranger to the radiant fruits and flowers of science, stranger to the sweet perfume of poetry and the caressing tints and tones and the witching forms and meanings of music and art, stranger to the joy and justice of elevated fellowship in a socially redeemed world. *The bruised lips of these palsied ones will yet hurl hot curses at any and all who*

teach the socially damned to be satisfied with their damnation.

The most wonderful thing in the world is a slave resolving to rend the chains that bind him down to the low enjoyment of the cheap buffoonery of animalism, and enchantedly turning the unstopped ear of his soul to hear the wooing call to a life of light above the dead-line, the fascinating call to the upper side of life,—with lofty resolve deciding to have all of the **best** that is infinitely above beastliness and far beyond the reach of a petty "living wage."

The very greatest thing that can happen to a slave's soul, sick with the mental barrenness of ignorant indifference, is to be **roused, and thus be rescued**, from the swine's deadly sleep of contentment, below the dead-line, roused and made to see that he *must unite with the robbed ones of his class* and fight and fight ceaselessly for light and life and freedom.

The very highest service any man can render is to help light the fires that show mankind a greater destiny. Mankind will always march on and ever on *as far as it can see*, as far as it can glimpse the highest shining peaks of aspiration born in the brain of the noblest and the best of the soul-hungry human race. "Men of mind are mountains and their heads are sunned long ere the rest of earth." Those who have vision must show the way and in others wake the impulse—this impulse that, like a mainspring, drives mankind on and on and on to ever grander realizations. Those with awakened vision must rouse in the thousands who sleep this passion for increasing consciousness; must rouse this holy lust of the human brain for the truth and the beauty and the love of life above the dead-line, must rouse this sublime desire for refined expanding life, for the increasing diameter of soul that delights the artisan, fires the scientist, warms the artist, kindles the heart of the educator, lifts the human clod above the clouds and redeems the human mind from the tyranny of the body and saves the soul from the curse of coarse desires and the blight of cheap ideals.

While there are indeed many slaves asleep, there are also

some souls, there is an ever increasing number of souls—**intense, proud and awake**—in the working class who live and are forced to live below the dead-line,—*but they are unsatisfied. These are magnificent in their godlike discontent. These are the hope of the world*—for they are filled and thrilled with rebellious longings. These are full of protest and rebellion against the littleness and leanness of their lives. The souls of these are charged with rebellion against the industrial system that binds them and grinds them below the dead-line.

These, my friend, will yet fill the world with a sublime storm of noble protest—will fill the world with the soul's war against the supreme outrage committed against the multitudes who toil. These do not *willingly* live in the dumb silence of crushing grief and despair below the dead-line. These are not yet bled and strangled *till they can no longer aspire*. These have not been successfully chloroformed. These will **never surrender** to the dull damnation of satisfaction with a brute's songless doom.

These proud, bold souls are sleepless in their labors to rouse the whole working class to

Sufficient Self-respect to

Seize the World—for life above the dead-line, and

Hold the World—for life above the dead-line, and

Enjoy the World—above the dead-line.

Everywhere these proud ones teach their fellow workers with blushless boldness and with relentless firmness to demand the Fullness and the Fineness of Life. Everywhere and always, the roused bold souls proudly shout:

Away with the teachings that we should contentedly lick the boot that kicks us and kiss the fist that smites us when with hope we turn our faces upward toward Life above the dead-line. Down with the lessons of humility that come from lips that covertly curl in scorn at us. Down with any charity that blasts the character, palsies the brain, locks the lips and stills the tongue of him who accepts it. Down with any charity that so eases the pains of poverty as to blind us to our real

condition—and conceals the thief who plunders us. Down with the charity that veils the jail and screens the injunction judge and honors the cossack and the soldier trained and bribed to shoot us if we lift our heads in manliness against our robbery and ruin. Down with the charity that deafens us to the rattle of gatling guns turned against helpless men, weeping women, screaming children and sucking babes—deafens us to the hideous echoes of murder rumbling through the mines of Michigan, the hills of West Virginia and the mountains of Colorado. Hisses for the palavering prostitutes who advise us that we should contentedly sigh in misery in a world of plenty. Contempt for the well-fed, well-dressed, cringing crew of dead-beats who urge us in the dismal swamps of ignorance to caress our galling sores of poverty as signs of heaven's favor. No more of the "spiritual" leadership that directs us to kneel with "Thank you" at the feet of the dollar-damned league of Cæsars who with the lash of cold and hunger scourge our children in stifling ignorance to the factory and whip the daughters of the poor into dens of terror to sell their sex for silver. Curses for the cunning teaching that the poor in the hell of slavery are the special pets of God. No more of the sterilizing venom of the leprous spiritual and political vipers who sting to death with piffle the budding aspirations of the poor.

No more advice and guidance from any fattened filchers who fight against the freedom of the working class. Sneers for the crafty teaching that the toilers should patiently wait, meekly wait, gratefully wait—and wait—till after death for the Good Things of Life.

Now is the accepted time for Life and Life Abundant—above the dead-line. If plenty of attractive and nourishing food, if beautiful and commodious homes and handsome furniture and elegantly excellent clothing,—*if these things are good for anybody they would be good for everybody.* If Liberal Education is a good thing for a millionaire's child, if Art and Science and Literature and Philosophy and the best Music and Travel and Leisure and an Abundance of the Good

Things and Beautiful Things of Life,—if these things are good for the *employer* and **his class**, then they would be good for the *worker* and **his class**.

Yes, this is part of the new message in a new movement for a new ideal and a new ideal for the working class.

Pride, courage, defiance, nerve—**nerve**, vision and decision—these are what the stunned and weary toilers need now, right now, and they will thrill with these things ere long, **roused by the bold proud few** who are now undermining the thrones of the world with the new teaching. O, weary friend or toil-cursed brother—sister—in shop and mill and mine, lift up your head and think and *dare*—*dare* to read, *dare* to study the message of the **bold strong souls of your own class**, the souls who already see just ahead along the path of human progress, the green meadows, the laughing brooks, the cool groves, the waving grain, the gold-topped mountains of freedom and justice and life, *life*, the **Upper** side of Life—for all of us.

You must help. Together the workers must win their own freedom.

We do not deserve any more than we are willing to help get for the whole working class.

We wage-earners, like chattel slaves, are caught, snared, imprisoned, cornered—altogether we are caught in the meshes of this wage-and-profit Capitalist System.

We must defend ourselves.

We must struggle together for freedom together—freedom in a *new social order*.

In the **New Social Order** toward which the increasingly enlightened and emboldened workers of the world are now steadily marching with the resistless momentum of the Soul's sublime hungers,—in *that* Society, industry, the matter of "getting a living," will be so arranged that work will be made joyous by the sweetened reward of generous justice and unpoisoned fellowship. In that Society *plenty* of good food and good clothing and good shelter can be had—and shall be had—as the **physical foundation of effective living**, as the con-

stant and absolute condition for the deepest and the loftiest forms and phases of human life.

In the New Social Order:

(1)—Those who are helpless because of youth or old age or misfortune will be *safe*, and their security will not be a humbling favor but a social right;

(2)—All other members of society will also be safe above the dead-line—if they are *willing to work, but not otherwise*;

(3)—There will be no leisure class—either in silk or in rags;

(4)—Work will be had without fear, coaxing or cringing;

(5)—Work will be had as a *right*, and not as a *favor*, to be humbly sought by the worker and to be haughtily granted by a profit-grubbing, domineering capitalist;

(6)—Work will be had **without forfeiting any surplus** in the form of *rent or interest or profits* to any private owner of any socially necessary thing used in production;

(7)—Work, sufficient to provide abundantly for effective living, will be performed under such conditions and with such means as to consume the *minimum necessary amount of time and effort,—in order thus to have the maximum possible amount of leisure and energy remaining for those activities and pleasures that especially distinguish us from the lower animals.*

Into this New Social Order the fattened, bribed and arrogant beneficiaries of the Present Order (Capitalism) **will never guide us.** Never. Of course they won't! Into the New Social Order of freedom the master *naturally will not guide his slave.*

Into this New Social Order the workers **must find their own way**—or surrender and be plucked and despised forever. Into this New Social Order we can escape only **as a class, understanding and defending our class interests.** Into this New Social Order the working *class* cannot escape individually. In the struggle for freedom *the workers are powerful only as a class.*

Under chattel slavery, occasionally, of course, a slave did

get a chance to run away and did run away, and thus escaped from chattel slavery; but, of course, the chattel slave class could never thus escape from chattel slavery while the chattel-slave system existed.

And to-day under the wage-slave system, called Capitalism, occasionally, of course, a poor man does escape from poverty into the capitalist class; but the hope is false and the teaching is cruelly misleading that while the wage-and-profit system lasts, the wage-slave class can escape from wage-slavery into the employer class and thus be free from the humbling wage-slave life below the dead-line.

But what we seek is freedom for the working class.

Nothing short of that.

"Charity" from the class who keep us in poverty is ridiculous. Justice destroys charity—by making it ridiculously unnecessary.

"Social uplift" enterprises, cunningly financed by the class whose business-for-profits keeps us down, are to be despised.

"Social betterment" pretensions by the class whose heels are on our necks provoke our contempt.

Any final plans for "helping the working people" which do not include **freedom from robbery and drudgery and despotism in industry for the whole working class**—any such plans are false, viciously short of justice, and are to be steadily and proudly declined when offered with ignorance and arrogance (and cunning) as "*solutions*" for the "great social problem."

The great social problem is: **Freedom for the working class, with abundant life above the dead-line for all who are willing to do useful social service.**

Brother, sister, I challenge you to *defend yourself—by joining with your class to destroy the capitalist system—for the capitalist system is fundamentally wrong in purpose and method and form; and it is disastrous in results for the working class.*

But you cannot help destroy the capitalist system till you understand the spirit, purpose, method and structure of the capitalist system. Until you do understand *what is wrong,*

you can do nothing—nothing intelligent—against the wrong; and until you can help *intelligently* against the supreme wrong, the only thing you can do is to put up a brainless howl or a coward's whine.

Remember, too, that it is impossible for a ruling class to give justice and freedom to a slave class. And it is impossible for a ruling class to give justice and freedom to a slave class because the ruling class cannot think justice and cannot think freedom for a slave class. And the ruling class cannot think justice and freedom for a slave class, because, having been born to the right to rule, having been taught the right to rule, having practiced the right to rule, and having enjoyed the right to rule,—they have acquired the character, the psychology of rulers, the psychology of robbers, the psychology that sneers and frowns at every boldly upward look of the slave, the psychology that angrily screams, "Silence! Down with the Agitator!"—the psychology that is always jealous of freedom of assemblage, freedom of speech and freedom of the press, when used by slaves for discussing slavery and freedom.

A ruling class can be "politely approached" and "courteously asked" to "kindly consider requests,"—and that ruling class has the legal right and the industrial power to spit on "requests" after having been "kindly considered."

A ruling class must be compelled to grant demands.

It is of special importance that you understand the *fundamental falsity* of the capitalist philosophy, or view, of life. That philosophy is the philosophy of *the jungle and the forest*—for the *working class*—the philosophy that **proposes and plans for the working class a never-ending struggle for the common physical necessities of life.** But that level of struggle is only the struggle of **animalism** and cannot produce more than the fruits of animalism.

The capitalist philosophy of life does not *sincerely invite* the working class to the upper side of Life—does not invite the whole working class of wage-slaves up into lives of freedom, freedom from poverty. For, just in proportion as the

working class are kept **helplessly poor** they can be **easily forced** to accept the belittling program proposed by the employer class for the working class. Thus Capitalism rests on the **helplessness** of the workers **steadily in poverty.** The capitalists, therefore, cannot and do not sincerely propose a great life, a free life, a glad life, a life above the dead-line, for the working class. The future is full of mockery for the working class while Capitalism lasts, with its drudgery, poverty and misery for the workers—the humbling life of animalism for the great multitude who toil for wages.

Now wolves, sharks, swine and all the host of *lower animals* always have their struggle on the *lower level*, on the *physical level*; they struggle steadily for the things of the body. Surely it should be evident that to arrange human society in such manner that the big-brained, high-visioned human being must struggle chiefly and always for a mere *physical* living is hopelessly unworthy of statesmen and educators;—it is both unscientific and ridiculous. If we are daily deadened with the weariness of the humbling struggle for the body's bread and shelter, we shall be unable to struggle successfully for the sublimer things of the mind. Bread against starvation and shelter against the storm—*these things are not the true and the most desirable* inspirations of the awakened human soul. Yet Capitalism sets up the belittling goal of *cheap food, cheap shelter, and cheap clothing as our reward for all our efforts of a life time*, because *those things are the sum of things that can be commanded with the wages of the wage-working class.*

History, however, inspires us with the fact that the most magnificent contributions to civilization have been made by the *roused* ones who have also been somewhat *protected against the wolves of poverty*,—by those who have been roused to the meaning of Life and have at the same time been somewhat *released from poverty's struggle for bread only.* Fortunately invited by opportunity and delighted with the charms and glories and goals of truth and beauty, consciously *fired and inspired with the aims and fascinations of science and art*

and literature and philosophy and progress,—a small part of mankind, *somewhat released from the stifling struggle for bread* on the level of the wolf's life,—thus conditioned and invited, a small part—a very small part—of mankind, a few thousand men and women, have accomplished more, far more, have more successfully **distinguished** mankind from the lower animals in the last three thousand years than the entire human race accomplished during the several hundred thousand years of low-pitched human life of primitive poverty with its soul-stifling struggle for scanty food and shelter and also during the several thousand years of subsequent effort while society was yet writhing and starving under the iron heel of parasitic, brutalizing ancient tyranny and its accompanying shrivelling poverty. Indeed, a mere five hundred men and women, released somewhat from the fear and tyranny of the belittling struggle for bread only, five hundred of these, roused and released, free and fortunately engaged in the feats and feats at the top of life above the dead-line, five hundred of these in and since the days of Bacon and Shakespeare, have accomplished more, have added more to the true and enduring glory of human life, than the entire enslaved-and-major part of the human race, fatally poor and thus unroused, low-pitched and helpless in poverty's strangling grasp, have contributed during the ten thousand years and more from the dimly ancient days of the earliest Egyptian kings down to the present hour.*

We begin to realize the meaning of poverty.

In the awful tragedy called human history poverty has dragged down and held down a thousand victims for every victim cut down by the blood-stained god of war.

The tragic stage of the age-long human drama is crowded with the ghosts of multitudes **so poor they never hoped.**

The Past is proof: The history of poverty, the history of the poverty of the multitude, proves that *poverty is a prohi-*

* Every slave, every educator, every artist, every statesman, and also every conceited Caesar on earth should read every line of Chapter Ten, "The Logic of Opportunity," in *Applied Sociology*, by the late Professor Lester F. Ward.

bition on the rapid progress of the individual and of the Human Race.

Poverty has always been ugly—and it is ugly now.

Poverty has always been cruel—and it is cruel now.

Poverty has always been deadly—and it is deadly now.

Poverty has always been a disaster—and it is a disaster now.

To point to a few *exceptions* as proof to the contrary, to point to a few exceptions and *bunglingly overlook the hundreds of millions whom poverty has strangled*, is to be so stupidly (or viciously) illogical, so clumsily ignorant of the logical rules of scientific thinking,—as to be even unworthy of contempt.

If poverty is a "good thing" and a "splendid stimulus" and a helpful "blessing in disguise," if poverty is a "peculiar providence of God" as we are persistently and cunningly taught that it is, then why do the intelligent capitalist class so carefully protect their own children against poverty?

"Poverty a blessing in disguise!" The ruling class lie and they lie shamelessly and cruelly when they and their bribed and cringing hangers-on teach us and our children that "poverty is a blessing in disguise." If poverty is a blessing in disguise, why the constant strutting boast of plutocrats and statesmen about our *great national wealth* and our *country's splendid prosperity*? If poverty is a blessing, why does every grown person outside of a lunatic asylum promptly seize the first opportunity to escape from poverty as soon as he becomes distinctly aware of the opportunity?

Away with this philosophy which Dives recommends to Lazarus.

Down with the plutocrats' program, the wage system with its dreary round and round of *endless poverty for the working class* below the dead-line.

Release!

We demand release from the grip of those who steal our lives. We demand release from the shackles that bind us below the dead-line. We demand release—that *all* of us may

go on with *all* of life—*upward through the drama of life on this planet.*

In the earlier history of this earth where, in this enigmatic universe, we now live, heat, terrible heat, from center to surface for millions of years prohibited life, all life, on this planet. This world was a flaming sphere of fire, absolutely lifeless. In all the world there was no heart to beat, no eye to see, no ear to hear.

Fire at first prohibited life.

All was silent.

But finally out from the silence came life, life to be for millions of years **improved**, life to climb to the god-like glory of its climax—and then—then to be shrivelled by frost, and slowly fade in tragic failure from the earth.

In the closing history of this planet this world will be indeed for millions of years a burnt-out cinder, cold and lifeless as the moon; life, all life, will by intense frost be slowly ruined and finally driven from the earth. Back into the silence will vanish every form of life. Thus in the icy storms of an endless winter the curtain will be rung down on the vast drama of life on this earth. There will be no heart to beat, no eye to see, no ear to hear.

Frost at last will prohibit life.

All again will be silent.*

Between these two silences, the silence enforced by life-preventing fire on the one side, and the silence enforced by life-blasting frost on the other,—between these two awful silences

* From low to high doth dissolution climb,
And sink from high to low, along a scale
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail:
A musical but melancholy chime . . .
Truth shall not fail; but her outward forms that bear
The longest dates do melt like frosty rime. . .—Wordsworth, *Mutability*.

Worlds on worlds are rolling ever
From creation to decay,
Like the bubbles on a river,
Sparkling, bursting, borne away.—Shelley, *Hellas*.

comes the flash of light called life; between these two silences comes the vast and solemn drama of the thing that feels and learns to think, and now is never satisfied—dies wanting life, more life; the thing that smiles and never surrenders—dares in the face of death and even boldly plans to live again.

It has been scientifically estimated that of all the time available for human life on this planet only a small part has already been used; the part thus far consumed is probably as small in comparison to the whole available time as one hour to an entire day. Yet contemplate the magnificent achievements of this brief hour of human history. Consider the glorious recent and rapid creations of the human brain when it has had opportunity and inspiration. Study too the hungers and the passions that now begin to agitate the toilers of the whole human race. Study also the conquests that have been made by man over Nature to set himself free, free from physical Nature's restrictions. Contemplate the triumphant preparation to release himself from the shriveling struggles for bread, with leisure and energy remaining for the many sublime tasks and ennobling pleasures above the dead-line,—study these things and you will realize how petty and stupid are the statesmanship, the leadership, the aims and plans that propose less than all of life for all of us above the dead-line. Place side by side the barren sodden eras of the far gone past, the recent era of swift achievement, and the high and potent aspirations of the urging present, and you will realize the swinish savagery of any proposals that the mighty multitude of wage-workers of the world shall now pitch their tents in stupid sloth below the dead-line and declare: This present is enough. We have marched far—and far enough, even though many hundreds of millions wallow and sigh in ignorance and misery below the dead-line.

No! Never!

Onward with the grand march to a **greater** destiny.

On with the drama of Life.

Away with the withering fires and the blasting frosts of Greed.

If the program of life on this planet included little or nothing of psychic life, if Nature were "aiming" simply at the production of *physical* life, the process of *development* of life might well have been halted long ago—millions of years ago—when innumerable ponderous beasts roamed over the earth, mountains of almost brainless, mindless flesh. But the program of life on this earth includes more, infinitely more, than mere "beef," more than flesh without music, flesh without art, flesh without literature, more than fat that never flames with a splendid hunger for knowledge, more than beef that never burns with the superb urge called "the ideal," infinitely more than brutality, dull, dumb and deaf to the glory of the beauty of the **upper** side of life.

Millions of years ago there lived upon this earth a huge, small-brained beast called the "Dinosaur," a creature sometimes one hundred and fifty feet in length and fifteen feet in height, many tons in weight, sometimes *twenty-five tons* of flesh and bone,—its peculiarly small brain unthrilled with a single lofty thought or noble aspiration in all its long span of probably more than a hundred years of **untuned** life. The only evidence that these beasts ever lived on this earth is their huge skeletons in the geological book of earth-crust rock.* These ponderous, unaspiring beasts of low contentment played their beefy stupid part on the program of life—and passed off the stage.

They planned nothing. They were contented.
They produced nothing. They were contented.
They achieved nothing. They were contented.
They voted "no!" on life above the dead-line.

Smaller animals with larger brains have succeeded the dinosaur; and to-day a 150-pound animal with a 3-pound high-grade brain is master of the earth and dominates the program of life on this planet—and now plans, ever plans, a life of more brains and less brute, more mind and less mud, urged forward by the **mainspring of his nature**, discontent, the

* See *The Dinosaur*, published by the New York Museum of Natural History.

discontent that is ever new-born in the **improving vision of improving life**.

Man is the animal of mind, minus the *brutal* beefiness of animal contentment.

Man,—man with his sublime discontents, man with his infinite hungers, man with his splendid dreams and plans,—man is the final animal. *Aspiring* man makes nature less and less a mystery. And yet man himself is the superlative enigma of this planet—ever marching onward, ever straining upward, ever deepening, expanding and *refining his appetites*, steadily hungrier for the nourishment of a god—insatiable—splendidly, sublimely discontented. Man is the only animal forever pleasurably tantalized with the questions: Whence? Whither? What? Why? and How? Man is the only animal whose brain thrills with lucid answers to his tireless questions put to the Universe,—the only animal that delightedly equips himself with scales, calipers and test-tubes, with microscope, telescope and spectroscope, and a thousand other instruments of investigation, and challenges the electron, the atom and the molecule, thrusts his questions through boundless space and challenges the whirling planets, the burning suns and the entire star-spangled scheme of things—the only animal that smiles and looks and listens through the Universe for the primal and the final meaning and method of creation—the only animal whose deathless discontent and immortal thirst for truth and beauty stir in his brain the lofty pæan of the soul that dominates its flesh:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll;
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
'Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outworn shell by time's unresting sea."

Man plans, when inspired by the urge of discontent.
Man produces, when fired by the urge of discontent.
Man achieves, when thrilled by the urge of discontent.
The slave man climbs toward the upper side of life—when

his discontent *ripens into proud contempt for cunning teachings* of those who seek to chloroform him into the stupid contentment and meekness of a brute.

Man prepares to crown himself with glory, and escapes from the dominion of dull brutality, when the refining flames of discontent burn up his stupidly belittling notions of what his life ought to be.

Rational discontent urges the fleeced slave to invite himself upstairs in the scale of life.

Our high-born discontent drives us to demand that the mighty drama proceed to its climax—that the “social problem,” “*All of life for all of us,*” *shall be solved and solved now.*

Surrender? Impossible!

Down with a social philosophy and an industrial system that compels a god to whine like a disgraced cur for crusts and cringe like a spineless worm for the privilege of living under the heel of strutting and insulting Greed! **Increasing** millions of us vote scornfully against the dull clumsiness of stupid statesmanship—the cheap plans that propose to halt the sublime and sombre march of mankind upward to the climax in the drama of life.

On with the drama! We demand the next number on the program, **All of life for all of us.**

The millions below the dead-line will never surrender to the present organization of Greed, called Capitalism. We scorn the creeds and plans and plots that *leave the working class in the wallow of poverty, misery and ignorance.*

We demand Life.

We demand all of Life—for the Human Race.

The human brain is now ready—ready for the life of lofty joys, ready for the *Upper Side of Life.*

The tools and machinery and knowledge of production are ready, ready for successful use of the earth for all of us.

We are ready. We have the vision, the immortal Life-Hunger that drives on the drama to its climax.

We say to the present masters of the earth: “You legalized

looters of our lives!—For your petty plans of life for us we have supreme contempt. We will unhinge your thrones. We will tear down your legalized power to plunder. We will cast your cunning constitutions into the lumber-room of oblivion. We will explode every argument made by your purchased prostitutes to support your right to rule and rob us and our children of the splendid fruits of half a million years of human progress.

“With the audacity of roused slaves inspired by visions of the soul’s own goal we shall make tireless use of the sacred rights of social progress—the right to think, the right to assemble, the right to speak, the right to print, the right to teach. Very specially, with that mighty modern miracle, the printing press, we’ll match our nickels against your gold—and destroy your legalized power, your terrible privilege of stealing our lives.

“We’ll fire the brain of every sleeping slave on all the earth with the message of freedom and with the vision of life above the dead-line.

“We will educate and organize our hosts and dare you to the battle of brains for the brain’s right to the upper side of life.

“Well do we know that the greatest possible disaster is: That a human being should surrender and sink into contentment with a brute’s doom.

“We will not surrender.

“We can’t. The urge of the vision is in us and makes us hate your power to starve the body, darken the mind, blight the spirit—and thus steal the brain-life of the multitude who toil.

“We demand Life—

“The Upper-Side of Life.”

For half a million years the human brain has steadily grown in size and grade and power. The human brain is now ready—ready for Life.

For many thousands of years of chattel slavery, for many centuries of serfdom and for several hundreds of years of

his discontent *ripens into proud contempt for cunning teachings* of those who seek to chloroform him into the stupid contentment and meekness of a brute.

Man prepares to crown himself with glory, and escapes from the dominion of dull brutality, when the refining flames of discontent burn up his stupidly belittling notions of what his life ought to be.

Rational discontent urges the fleeced slave to invite himself upstairs in the scale of life.

Our high-born discontent drives us to demand that the mighty drama proceed to its climax—that the “social problem,” “*All of life for all of us,*” *shall be solved and solved now.*

Surrender? Impossible!

Down with a social philosophy and an industrial system that compels a god to whine like a disgraced cur for crusts and cringe like a spineless worm for the privilege of living under the heel of strutting and insulting Greed! **Increasing** millions of us vote scornfully against the dull clumsiness of stupid statesmanship—the cheap plans that propose to halt the sublime and sombre march of mankind upward to the climax in the drama of life.

On with the drama! We demand the next number on the program, **All of life for all of us.**

The millions below the dead-line will never surrender to the present organization of Greed, called Capitalism. We scorn the creeds and plans and plots *that leave the working class in the wallow of poverty, misery and ignorance.*

We demand Life.

We demand all of Life—for the Human Race.

The human brain is now ready—ready for the life of lofty joys, ready for the *Upper Side of Life.*

The tools and machinery and knowledge of production are ready, ready for successful use of the earth for all of us.

We are ready. We have the vision, the immortal Life-Hunger that drives on the drama to its climax.

We say to the present masters of the earth: “**You legalized**

looters of our lives!—For your petty plans of life for us we have supreme contempt. We will unhinge your thrones. We will tear down your legalized power to plunder. We will cast your cunning constitutions into the lumber-room of oblivion. We will explode every argument made by your purchased prostitutes to support your right to rule and rob us and our children of the splendid fruits of half a million years of human progress.

“With the audacity of roused slaves inspired by visions of the soul’s own goal we shall make tireless use of the sacred rights of social progress—the right to think, the right to assemble, the right to speak, the right to print, the right to teach. Very specially, with that mighty modern miracle, the printing press, we’ll match our nickels against your gold—and destroy your legalized power, your terrible privilege of stealing our lives.

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Capitalism the toiler's cry was for *bread*, for the mere necessities of the physical body. And to-day, spite of all the boasted progress and achievement of civilized society, from the throats of more than a thousand million workers and their loved ones comes the hoarse and humbling cry, "Bread! Bread!! Bread!!!" To the multitudes who toil on and on in Asia, in Africa, in Australia, in South America, in boastful Europe and in our strutting American Republic—to all these teeming millions who toil, we put this question: *What consumes the most of the best of your waking hours and energies?* And from these mighty thronging multitudes the whole world around comes back the answer, "The struggle for bread, a hungry hunt for bread—not art, not science, not literature, not philosophy, but bread! bread! bread! to save our plundered lives!" And thus century after century, the blighted multitudes, three generations each hundred years, stagger across the stage of life in physical strain and in mental starvation and finally stumble into the grave, the soon forgotten victims of a privileged plundering class.

In the sublime earth-staged drama of human life to be played further upward to its climax, we, the workers of the world, now demand our place—above the dead-line of animalism. We now demand the New Social Order in which we shall have our place in a *fellowship* of glad and unrobbed workers—in the mellow sunshine of Justice, with the Truth and the Beauty of *All of Life for All of us*—where our children may not only bud but also bloom, unblasted by poverty, and rise to the full glory of happy maturity.

General Note on the Significance of the Emergence of New Wants, to be considered in connection with all of Chapter Three.

"In the lowest stages of barbarism, men are found to be almost devoid of any but the animal *needs and desires*. They can advance in civilization only as fast as their . . . higher wants [can be] aroused within them. The *principal difficulty* in efforts to civilize a savage race is to make such people *desire* anything more than the purely animal satisfactions with which they have always

been contented. . . . Progress in civilization depends upon the awakening of such higher wants. . . ."—Professor Charles J. Bullock, Department of Economics, Harvard University: *Introduction to Economics*, pp. 81-83.

"The growth of civilization and culture brings with it increasing refinement of needs, and a steady advance from coarser to nicer in the things which men consume."—President E. Benjamin Andrews, University of Nebraska: *Institutes of Economics*, p. 192.

" . . . But it is equally evident that while a whole population, every member of which is entirely devoted to wheat-raising or to making of rough clothes or shelter, may be very estimable, it will be indisputably lacking in many of the qualities that we associate with higher civilization. It would, to mention nothing else, leave no room for the whole domain of art, which is in some respects the supreme achievement of the human race."—Professor E. R. A. Seligmann, Columbia University, Department of Economics: *Principles of Economics*, pp. 581-82.

"All civilized nations and persons get their greatest pleasure out of one or other of the Fine Arts."—John Ruskin: *Political Economy of Art*, Lecture 11. See Collinswood's *Art Teaching of Ruskin*, p. 207.

"As goods become more plentiful, the larger social self . . . will become dominant."—H. R. Seager, Department of Political Economy, Columbia University: *Introduction to Economics*, p. 604.

"The world is young; its destinies are undeveloped; the potency of its future endorses the audacity of its ideals. . . . *Men's discontents dig the channels of their progress.*" Dr. Albion W. Small, Head Professor of Sociology, University of Chicago: *Between Eras from Capitalism to Democracy*.

Nature "aims," perhaps, at something higher than such mountains of flesh and bone and low desire as the dinosaur,—something higher than a human slave with a dinosaur's low contentment.

CHAPTER IV

"The Workers Haven't Brains Enough;" or, "Rewards Are in Proportion to Brains"

"Poof! Bah! Nonsense!"

That is the handsome sneer of the dollar-dreaming capitalist whenever he *hears any discussion* of more life, more income, more leisure, for the wage-workers.

"Let the working people **know their places and be contented and cease jabbering** about their poor condition in society. They are **where** they are because they are **what** they are—they are *down* in the world because they haven't brains enough to get *up* in the world. And that settles it! There is too much chatter about this matter in union labor halls and at Socialist meetings. Damn the agitator and the agitation."

Those, my friend, are the sentiments and phrases of the employer class, repeated over and over again. Musically sociable and beautifully fraternal—aren't they?

Then, having "caught the idea," some eminent human toad, some high-salaried, professorial university serf of the employer class, knowing well what will please the plutocratic masters of the universities, repeats the masters' sneers at the workers; *and thus and otherwise the sneers become a part of the literature and thought of the land; and thus more firmly are the manacles riveted to the wrists of the working class.* Here is a handsome sample from the leading university of the United States:

"Further, the more *prosperous* strata among the population are those in which *intellectual* gifts ['brains'] are likely to appear. They are *prosperous in the main because they have such gifts*. . . . The lower strata of the population, on the other hand, multiply most rapidly. Though some individuals of high qual-

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ities emerge from among them, *the great mass are mediocre*, and perpetuate mediocrity."—F. W. Taussig of Harvard University, one of the most distinguished and influential teachers of Political Economy in the United States, in his *Principles of Economics*, Volume II, p. 235.

Thus the prideless professor, gratefully licking the boots of the plutocratic plunderers who endow professorships, barks against the humble workers in all lands.

Well, does that settle it? Are you going to be meekly hushed up by the masters' sneers and the academic butler's barking?

Shall we meekly "shut up," bow our heads in shame and do just as the employers wish us to do—simply **cease discussing** such things? What do you say? Are you through? Is your life finished—in quality?

A *horse's* life is finished. The horse is all he ever will be—he is to remain a horse, to work and only work. That's all. His destiny has been determined, fixed, absolutely *beyond discussion*.

There's nothing to discuss.

A *chattel slave's* life is also finished. The chattel slave is to remain a slave—and work—that's all, as long as chattel slavery lasts. And if chattel slavery is correct in purpose and method, there cannot be reasonable discussion of the matter. The chattel slave's destiny is determined. His program is made out for him—he is to "shut up" and keep busy working.

There is nothing to discuss.

As a class, the wage-slaves' lives of to-day, also, are finished. They have reached their wage-level of life as a class;—and *that wage-life level is their proper level, too, if the wage-system is a proper industrial system*; and, moreover, that is their final, fixed level *as long as this capitalist wage-system lasts*,—the system of *wages* for the working class *for working*, and *profits* for the capitalist class *for owning* the industrial foundations of society. Just as the chattel slave master got his income from **owning** the chattel slave, so to-day the capitalist gets his income from **owning** the mills, mines, factories, rail-

ways and so forth. Now, if the wage-and-profit arrangement is right and proper, then there is nothing to discuss. *And the capitalist assures us with a sneer that it is all right, and that, in the distribution of human welfare, things are as they are because, in the struggle for existence in the world, the worker's lack of brains places the worker down where he is, and the capitalist's possession of brains places the capitalist up where he is. And that, precisely that theory of distribution, is one of the fundamental propositions of despotism, taught by all masters everywhere and in all ages.*

Well, is your life finished—in fullness and fineness? If so, there is nothing to discuss—with you. But wait a little—I don't like to give you up. Before you crawl back into your den and shut up in your shell and close your mind and pull down the brain-blinds of voiceless poverty and tongue-tied humility to *accept your doom in humble silence*, let us discuss this matter just a little bit any way,—this matter of your brains in connection with your poverty and condition and position in society under the present industrial arrangement called Capitalism, the wage-and-profit system of industry.

In the preceding Chapter I promised to attend to this "lack-of-brains" argument so commonly and contemptuously thrust into the faces of the working people concerning their poverty. And now let us talk it over briefly.

First of all, let us for a moment consider the *outlook, the probable future*, for the working class, under Capitalism.

Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, head of the Department of Economics, University of Chicago, writes thus of the wage-earners' outlook:

"But certainly the progress of the laborer is not that which can excite enthusiastic hopes for the future, as long as he remains a *mere receiver of wages*. . . . Under these conditions, it seems that the only hope of improvement for the laboring classes lies in the *limitation of population*. . . . What must be the ultimate outlook for wage receivers? How can they escape the thralldom of dependence on the accumulation of others?"—Laughlin's edition of Mill's *Principles of Political Economy*, pp. 518-19, 522.

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Professor Richard T. Ely, head of the Department of Economics, University of Wisconsin, sums up in strong, frank words:

"We [in America] have never had a permanent laboring class, but with the increase of population one is rapidly developing. If it is now becoming extremely difficult for the laborer to rise, what will be the condition of things when we number two hundred millions? And this time is not far off. It is a laboring class without hope of improvement for themselves or their children which will first test our institutions."—Ely: *French and German Socialism*, pp. 25-26.

When in 1888 Dr. Ely used the words just quoted he also predicted that within the lives of the men then living *two* distinct industrial classes *would* appear in the United States. In 1908, only twenty years later, Dr. Ely wrote thus:

"There is, however, in society to-day, as every one recognizes, a 'laboring class,' marked off by lines that are fairly distinct. The sale of labor is most often a forced sale. But in the case of the wage agreement the advantage is apt to be all on one side."—Ely: *Outlines of Economics*, New Enlarged Edition, 1908, pp. 367, 371, 381.

Occasionally, in rare, refreshing moments of moral audacity, Andrew Carnegie frankly tells the truth about the future of the working class. In a public lecture to young men in Pittsburgh in 1886, even *before* the formation of the modern demineering trust combinations, he said:

"There is no doubt that it is becoming harder and harder, as business gravitates to immense corners, for a young man without capital to get a start for himself, and in this city (Pittsburgh), especially where large capital is essential, it is unusually difficult."—Carnegie: *Business Enterprise*, p. 14.

'And this from John Mitchell, Ex-President of the United Mine Workers of America:

"The average wage-earner has made up his mind that he must *remain* a wage-earner. He has given up all hope of a kingdom to come when he himself will be a capitalist."—Mitchell: *Organized Labor*, Preface, p. ix.

One of the most distinguished lawyers in America, Mr. U. M. Rose, President of the American Bar Association, in 1903, in his annual address as President of the Association, August 27, of that year, said:

"At the present time there are many avenues of success that are practically closed to men of moderate fortune, and which are sealed against young men of ability and energy who must fight the battle of life without adventitious aids."—See *American Bar Association Reports*, Volume XXV.

The Hon. John F. Dillon, one time president New York Bar Association, in his annual address before the New York Bar Association, Albany, 1895, spoke thus of the situation:

"From the standpoint of political economy and of provident political policy, the existence of enormous fortunes is of evil tendency tending to divide society into classes and to separate the rich and the poor by an impassable chasm."—See *New York State Bar Reports*, 1895.

Yes, the outlook is cheerless, hopeless, for you and your wage-earning class. The future looks dreary, cold and barren—as joyless as a rainy day in bleak November—for the wage-earning class. In spite of the wage-workers' effort and willingness to serve society and save themselves the devilish wolves of poverty press close behind them and keep persistently snarling in the road to the future of the wage-earners.

The future, like the present, mocks the wage-earner.

But what is the matter with you? How do you *explain* your poverty and the fact that you are stuck, doomed, hopeless in your poverty?

Explain? **You** explain? Well, if you have not **studied** this matter, what is the use to ask you to *explain anything* concerning your poverty and the poverty of your class? You probably would not explain it at all. You would simply **repeat** the explanation you got at the school, at the church, at the public lecture, in the newspaper. I don't blame you. For a long time I explained my own poverty in the same way, simply *repeating* thoughtlessly what the employer class wanted me to

believe and certain cunning, well-dressed people told me to believe concerning poverty.

Yes, the employer class have our poverty explained in the schools, churches, newspapers, and public lectures—explained for us over and over again **while we are young**; and when we grow older we gullibly *repeat* what we learned **when we were young**—whether it has any sense in it or not.

"*This matter of being rich or poor is wholly a matter of brains. Under the present wage-and-profit order of society, people are rewarded according to their brains; and the working men and women are poor simply because they haven't brains enough to become rich.*" This is the explanation the employers are eager to have us accept—always.

I don't like this explanation. I resent it. I have brains enough to resent this explanation as *ridiculous, vicious and dangerous*.

How do *you* like this explanation?

Millions of our class humbly accept this insult thrown into our faces. Remember, too, that when, in the gloomy future, our little children are grown men and women, and are poor, the same shameful insult will be thrust into their faces that is now thrown into our faces concerning the cause of the rich man's riches and the poor man's poverty.

Millions of our working class brothers and sisters are whipped into dumb silence with crushing insults.

Stand up.

If you are not a meek, weak thing, a spineless lump of flesh, *wake up and strike back*—with argument.

And right now and right here I am going to **arm you** with weapons, that is, arguments, with which to strike back in self-defense.

First Argument,—The Facts:

Take one hundred *bankers'* boys and girls and one hundred *manufacturers'* boys and girls, and one hundred *mine-owners'* boys and girls; and take also one hundred *carpenters'* boys and girls, and one hundred *machinists'* boys and girls, and one hundred *miners'* boys and girls,—take these *six hun-*

dred children—three hundred from the homes of the *capitalist class* and three hundred from the humble homes of the *working class*—six hundred children of the same average age; place them in the same grammar school and later in the same high school, and while they attend these schools provide the three hundred working class children with as good food and as much food, as comfortable clothing, and as good shelter and as much freedom from toil outside of school hours as the three hundred children from the capitalist class homes are provided with,—and you will find—and you know you will find—that the three hundred children from families of the working class, by **actual intellectual tests**, will make just as good records, will win just as high marks, will show **just as much brains and just as good brains** as the three hundred children from families of the employer class.

The public school records in a thousand towns and cities and farming communities have proved, by actual oft-repeated mental tests, that the toilers' children are the equals of the employers' children—in brains.

Isn't that a good solid argument? It certainly is. And you should use that argument in your home and at the factory and in your labor hall and at Sunday School and have your children carry that argument to the day school, too. **Talk about this matter—discuss this matter as widely as possible. I assure you that your employer does not want you and your neighbors and children to discuss such things. No, indeed.**

The silent slave suits Caesar.

But look at this same argument again: Even with **inferior food, with inferior clothing, with inferior shelter and with unencouraging home conditions** the brave little children of the working class—when they have an *opportunity*—in the schools—show beyond all doubt that they are indeed the equals of the employers' children—in brains.

That strengthens the argument, doesn't it?

Well, *get up off your knees* and defend yourself.

Strike back—and strike hard.

Examine your arguments, your weapons, for self-defense.

Second Argument,—More Facts:

Take 9,000 useful and **admittedly intelligent** members of society, thus:—

Take 1,500 school teachers at \$2,000 each per year, and

Take 1,500 physicians at \$2,000 per year, and

Take 1,500 farmers at \$2,000 each per year, and

Take 1,500 carpenters at \$2,000 each per year, and

Take 1,500 musicians at \$2,000 each per year, and

Take 1,500 expert miners at \$2,000 each per year,—

Take this total of nine thousand intelligent servants of society, many of them with long years of training or experience, or both, with an income of \$2,000 per year; and **have all of them serve society and save all of this reward for forty years**, spending *nothing at all* even for the common necessities of life. The total savings of these nine thousand efficient social servants for forty years would be seven hundred and twenty million dollars (\$720,000,000.00); and that amount would be more than two hundred and eighty million dollars (\$280,000,000.00) *less* than John D. Rockefeller's fortune in the year 1915.

Now are these nine thousand **down** in the world—so far down below Rockefeller—because they haven't sufficient brains combined to **get up** in the world,—the whole nine thousand of them with a total combined reward—as high as Rockefeller alone?

If you believe that you can accurately explain the violent inequality between the total reward of these nine thousand intelligent and extremely useful social members of society and Mr. Rockefeller's reward, by attributing the inequality to difference in quality and quantity of brains, then you have been *hypnotized with false teaching* to the extent that your mind, on problems of this sort, is as helpless, your mind is as completely paralyzed, as if your brain had turned to solid bone—or water.

Wake up! Wake up your neighbors!—on this matter.

I tell you this brain argument against the working class must be destroyed—killed. As long as millions of toilers gul-

libly accept this brain argument against themselves, they will be helplessly weak—with the *weakness of meekness*—**chloroformed into stupid acceptance of frightful injustices.**

Now, it is likely that if the shame-faced, hypnotized working man should call at the employer's large, beautiful home for a friendly chat (as he so often does), and were to read the foregoing argument to the shrewd capitalist, the capitalist would probably "sidestep" and brazenly say that farmers, teachers, miners, musicians, carpenters and physicians are only ordinary people after all and that Mr. Rockefeller's brain, *in quality*, is more than equal to nine thousand of them.

But, reader, let us hold the capitalist to the mark. He shall not dodge in any such manner.

Third Argument,—More Facts:

Here is another way to see the nonsense of that brain argument against the toilers:

Make a total of the following yearly official incomes, incomes *made liberal because the work performed, it is said, "requires very unusual brains,"* unusual both in quality and quantity:

The President of the United States.....	\$75,000
Nine members of the President's Cabinet at \$12,000 each per year	108,000
Ninety-six United States Senators at \$7,500 per year	720,000
Three hundred and ninety-one Congressmen at \$7,500 per year	2,932,500
Nine members of Supreme Court of the United States, total salaries.....	131,000
Forty-eight State Governors at an average salary of \$5,000 per year.....	240,000
Four thousand and eight hundred University professors (100 Professors in each of the forty-eight State Universities) with an assumed salary of \$2,500 per year.....	12,000,000
Twenty-five Presidents of our very greatest Universities with an assumed average salary of \$8,000 per year.....	200,000

Two thousand seven hundred County School Superintendents at \$1,500 each per year.. 4,050,000
Total official annual salaries of these seven thousand eight hundred and forty-eight statesmen and educators.....\$20,456,500

The total of the annual official salaries of these **eight thousand and seventy-nine** "specially brainy people" is at least ten million dollars *less* than Rockefeller's annual income, and probably less per year than Carnegie's annual income when he discontinued his activities in the steel business.

The absurdity of the capitalists' claim to intellectual superiority becomes more manifest with every turn you give it. For example,

Fourth Argument,—More Facts:

Since 1850 our population has increased *three* fold and our millionaires have increased *six thousand* fold. The *rate of increase in great fortunes* since 1850 has thus been **two thousand times as high** as the *rate of increase in the nation's population*. Thus if we consider the possession of great fortunes as evidence of the millionaires' superiority of brains, we are driven to the hopelessly absurd conclusion that since 1850 the *rate of increase in brains among our most "successful and brainy"* people themselves has been *two thousand* times as high as the rate of increase in population!

Does one *modern* multi-millionaire possess more brains and better brains than twenty-five or fifty of the wealthiest Americans in the days of the American Revolution?

"Cornelius Vanderbilt died leaving his son William \$50,000,000.00; eight years later William died leaving \$300,000,000.00."—*Popular Science Monthly*, Oct., 1886.

Question: Did William Vanderbilt have at least six times as much brains as his father?

John D. Rockefeller, Sr., has an intelligent brother commonly reported to be very poor. Has John D. Rockefeller two or three hundred thousand times as much brains as his

poor brother? Now, don't meekly repeat somebody else's answer—think a bit for yourself, if you have ceased taking your food through a nipple.

The late Doctor William Rainey Harper, President of the University of Chicago, was recognized as being mentally one of the most powerful and original men the world has ever known. Mr. Rockefeller's income is at least three thousand times as great as President Harper's was. Is this a case of incomes according to brains?

The average salary of the one hundred best-paid University Presidents in the world is not over six thousand dollars. Rockefeller's income is at least *fifty times as large as the total income of the entire hundred University Presidents*. Is Rockefeller's brain *fifty times* as good as the *total brains* of all of them? Have your children compare their school principal's income with Carnegie's income, or with the income of Harry Thaw, or with the *average* income of tens of thousands of the grown-up sons and daughters of the millionaire masters of this country. Let the college boys—and girls—compare their professors' incomes with George Gould's income, in connection with the "rewards-according-to-brain" argument. Perhaps the school principal and the haughty college teachers, if they defend the "brain argument," will have at least sufficient self-respect to blush. You might try the preacher, too—if he says that under Capitalism rewards are in proportion to brains. *Put it up to any man or woman who dares repeat the masters' sneers at the "workers' lack of brains."*

When teachers, preachers and editors defend the argument of "rewards-are-according-to-brains" they should be forced into a logical corner and compelled to confess that they are drones, fossils, or dead-beats.

Defend yourself, you robbed wage-slave. Nobody else will do it for you. If you won't respect yourself and defend yourself, you do not deserve respect.

There is still another line of argument in reply to the capitalists' insult,

Fifth Argument:—Testimony:

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Mr. Henry Clews, of Wall Street, New York City, one of the best known multi-millionaire bankers in the world, president of the great banking house, Henry Clews and Company, does not attribute great fortunes to the possession of great brains. He says:

"It does not require a genius to make a fortune. . . . This species of architecture requires only the exercise of ordinary endowments . . . and a due regard to the first law of nature—self-preservation."—Clews: *Wall Street Point of View*, pp. 54-55.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie wrote in 1908 as follows:

"After making full allowance for difference in men, it still remains true that contrasts in their wealth are infinitely greater than those existing between them in their different *qualities, abilities*, education, and, except the supreme few, their contributions to the world's work."—Carnegie: *Problems of To-day*, p. 17.

Notice that Mr. Carnegie emphatically declares (with somewhat defective grammar) that the contrasts among men as to their *wealth* are infinitely greater than the contrasts among them in their *ability*, that is, in "brains." As for the "supreme few," he speaks of them to compare them, not in wealth and ability, but in wealth and "contribution to the world's work." And as for those who have made the supreme "contribution to the world's work," *they have never been rewarded with worldly goods in proportion to their contribution*;—for example, the supreme poets, painters, architects and musicians; the supreme inventors, discoverers, and scientists; the supreme statesmen, liberators and educators; and the supreme leaders of the world's greatest movements, both ancient and modern.

The testimony of such unwilling witnesses as Mr. Clews and Mr. Carnegie is of great value, but it is of less value than the testimony of a man who as a social scientist has given a lifetime of study to the subject of the intellectual resources of society.

The brain power of the different social classes is a subject

of profound interest and importance in sociology. Sociologists have given much attention to this great problem. The brain power of the human race?—it is by this brain power that mankind has discovered the resources of the earth, mastered the forces of the earth and reached the present levels of civilization; and it is by this brain power that mankind must yet climb to higher and ever higher levels of civilization and welfare—onward and upward for many hundreds of thousands of years—on and on till the earth itself grows too cold to support human life;—and therefore this brain problem, in some respects, surpasses all other problems. The distance between an oyster and a man can be measured in brains. Brains?—the climax of physical creation, jewel of the universe, residence of the mind, engine of human progress,—of course this problem of brain power is the crowning problem of sociology. Fortunately, the greatest of sociologists has testified, after many years of patient investigation, concerning the brains of the working class in comparison with the brains of the ruling class.

The late Professor Lester F. Ward, of Brown University, had in America—and probably in the whole world—no equal as a sociologist;—this is the rank gratefully and admiringly given him by all other sociologists in this country. Dr. Ward's conclusions concerning the brains of the working class are of the very greatest importance to the working class and should be studied carefully.

In reading what Dr. Ward says on this subject keep in mind that a man may have a mind of *great natural power and brilliancy*, and at the same time he may have *very little information* in his mind; and, also, that by the term "intelligence" Dr. Ward does not mean quantity and quality of brains but quantity and quality of *information* possessed. To illustrate: Everybody knows that a boy with a beautiful and powerful mind may grow up to be an ignorant man, that is, an "unintelligent" man.

Unfortunately there is space here for but a few paragraphs of Dr. Ward's conclusions drawn from many pages of elabo-

rate and potent argument on this subject as set forth in his great work, *Applied Sociology*. With gratitude let me say here that in fine scorn for the snobs who sneer at the working class and for bold and logically powerful defense of the intellectual strength and worth, and of the intellectual promise and rights, of the working class, Dr. Ward's *Applied Sociology* is probably unequaled by any other book in all of the sociological and educational literature of the world.* Here are some of his conclusions:

Page 92—"The uninformed class is regarded as an inferior class. It is assumed that their ignorance is a natural condition and something that could not be otherwise. Their stupidity, gullibility, and susceptibility to deception and exploitation are supposed to be attributes inherent in their individual natures, which render them the natural dupes, tools and servants of the intelligent class. . . .

Pages 95-96—"The proposition that the lower classes of society are the intellectual equals of the upper classes will probably shock most minds. At least it will be almost unanimously rejected as altogether false. Yet I do not hesitate to maintain and defend it as an abstract proposition. But, of course, we must understand what is meant by intellectual equality. I have taken some pains to show that the difference in intelligence [that is, information] is immense. *What I insist upon is that this difference in intelligence is not due to any differences in intellect.* It is due entirely to difference in mental equipment. It is chiefly due to difference in knowledge. . . .

"Of all the problems of applied sociology, that which towers above all others is the problem of the organization of society so that the heritage of the past shall be transmitted to all its members alike. . . .

"But here we encounter the great sullen, stubborn error, so universal and ingrained as to constitute a world view, that the difference between the upper and lower classes of society is due to a difference in their intellectual capacity, something existing in the nature of things, something pre-ordained and inherently inevitable. Every form of sophistry is employed to uphold this view. We are told that there must be social classes, that they are a necessary part of the social order. There must be laborers and unskilled workmen to do the drudgery work of the world. . . .

Pages 100-101. "There must be menials and servants to wait upon us. . . . But there nevertheless exists in fact only a completely submerged tenth. *The essential fact, however, is that there is no valid reason why not only the other*

* Published by Ginn and Company, New York City. The publishers' finely generous permission to make the following lengthy quotations is here most gratefully acknowledged.

partially emerged eight-tenths but the completely submerged tenth should not all completely emerge. They are all equally capable of it. This does not at all imply that all men are equal intellectually. It only insists that *intellectual inequality is common to all classes, and is as great among the members of the completely emerged tenth as it is between that class and the completely submerged tenth*. Or, to state it more clearly, if the individuals who constitute the intelligent class at any time or place had been surrounded from their birth by exactly the same conditions that have surrounded the lowest stratum of society, they would inevitably have found themselves in that stratum; and if an equal number taken at random of the lowest stratum of society had been surrounded from their birth by exactly the same conditions by which the intelligent class have been surrounded, they would in fact have constituted the intelligent class instead of the particular individuals who happen actually to constitute it. In other words, class distinctions in society are wholly artificial, depend entirely upon *enviroming conditions*, and are in no sense due to *differences in native capacity*. Differences in native capacity exist, and are as great as they have ever been pictured, but they exist in all classes alike."

Page 107. "The difference between social classes is a difference only in the extent to which the social heritage has been transmitted, not at all in the capacity to inherit. Society at present is organized under a sort of law of primogeniture. Only the first born, i.e., the especially favored, receive the legacy; the rest are disinherited, although they may embrace the flower of the family."

Page 209. "Again we are brought back to the fundamental truth that is taught by all the facts, that the manifestation of genius is wholly a question of opportunity."

Page 220. "The trend of the whole investigation has been in the general direction of showing that great men have been produced by the co-operation of two causes, genius and opportunity; and that neither alone can accomplish it. But genius is a constant factor, very abundant in every rank of life, while opportunity is a variable factor and chiefly artificial."

That is to say, no matter where genius is, high or low in society, IT MUST have OPPORTUNITY in order to fully manifest itself.

Page 228. "Indigence is an effective bar to achievement. On the other hand, the resources of society may be enormously increased by abolishing poverty, by reducing the hours of labor, and by making all its members comfortable and secure in their economic relations. Any sacrifice that society might make in securing these ends would be many times repaid by the actual contributions that the few really talented among the hundreds of thousands thus benefited would make to the social welfare. For talent is distributed all through this great mass in the same proportions as it exists in the much smaller well-to-do or wealthy class, and

the only reason why the latter contribute more is because their economic condition affords them opportunity."

Page 240. "Whatever theories different writers may have on the subject, they all practically agree that genius exists in all strata of society."

Page 242. "The two principal forms of opportunity are leisure and education. Both are furnished by the economic and social environments, but more especially by the first."

Pages 252-253. "We find that all the noise [concerning alleged 'self-made men'] is made over a comparatively small number, and consists in *perpetual repetition of the same old things about the same men*."

Page 277. "The only thing that can be done is to equalize opportunities so as not only to enable the really exceptional man to demonstrate the fact, but to make the open avenues so numerous and so easy to travel that he will be sure to find the one to which he is adapted by nature. In this way . . . the energy of society is set free. . . ."

Page 281. "Much of the discussion about 'equal rights' is utterly hollow. All the ado made over the system of contract is surcharged with fallacy. There can be no equality and no justice, not to speak of equity, so long as society is composed of members, *equally endowed by nature*, a few of whom only possess the social heritage of truth and ideas resulting from the laborious investigations and profound meditations of all past ages, while the great mass are shut out from all the light that human achievement has shed upon the world. The equalization of opportunity means the equalization of intelligence."

Page 293. "The only kind of inequalities that do harm are artificial inequalities. . . . We have seen, and statistically demonstrated, that all the great social inequalities are purely artificial. They are due to *privilege*.* They are made by society."

Here following (quoted from a letter to the present author) is additional expert testimony on the mentality of the working class from Dr. Edward A. Ross (of the Department of Sociology, University of Wisconsin). The value of Dr. Ross's testimony is immeasurably heightened by the fact that for many years he has been generally acknowledged to be in the first rank of industrious, brilliant and profound students of human society. His writings command respect throughout the world. He says:

"I esteem as a great truth Dr. Lester F. Ward's generalization that *native ability exists in about equal proportions at every level of society*, and that the great difference between social classes in respect to the production of contributors to human progress is due mainly to *inequality of opportunity*. . . ."

* The new Standard Dictionary defines privilege as "a peculiar benefit, favor, or advantage, . . . a prerogative, franchise, or permission."

The supreme, brutal iniquity and inequity of capitalist society is this:

All the mills, all the mines, all the railways, all the forests, all the splendid machinery—the total industrial foundation and equipment of present society—all these things will become the private property of the children of the present capitalist class—by the laws of property inheritance—whether those children have large brains or small brains, poor brains or good brains. That will be their “reward” for being the children of the employer class.

That will be their privilege.

Brains or no brains the children of the present capitalist class have a mortgage on the opportunities of the future. The “race for success” is already won—by these children—brains or no brains.

That is their privilege.

And the race is already lost by the children of the working class—brains or no brains.

Thus the dice of life are loaded against the children of the poor.

Think of the millions of sweet children who bud but never bloom and ripen—blighted by poverty in the springtime of their lives.

“A fair race requires an equal start.” For example, in a dog race or a horse race we have sufficient decency to protect the brutes against unfairness by giving the racers an equal start. Yet the many millions of working class children begin the supreme race, the race of life, the struggle for existence, hobbled by poverty, while many thousands of the children of the employer class begin the race of life with a start of millions of wealth in advance of the wage class contestants.

Why talk of a “square deal” or “fair play” or “equal protection under the flag” while the children of the poor are mocked by overwhelming inequality of opportunity in the race of life? Shackled, plundered, and mocked, the children of the workers are shamed from the race course where they

receive even less protection against unfairness than is given to a horse or a dog.

Oh, you who are slandered into shame-faced, silent meekness,—you who patiently toil for sweat-wet bread,—you who toil honestly and usefully for ten, twenty, forty years and still remain too poor for abundant comforts, *too poor to feel secure* from want in your old age, too poor to face death unashamed because of the mean want and ignorance in which you must leave those you love—you who are too poor to educate your children thoroughly and thus have them *discover and develop and enjoy* their intellectual powers and gifts—hold up your heads and in sane wrath hurl back the foul slander,—the charge that your poverty and your lack of education are due to your lack of brains. *Teach your children that the charge is a lie. Teach your children arguments with which they can defend themselves and defend their class against any and all who belittle the working class. Urge your children to discuss this matter in the Sunday Schools and the grammar schools. Discuss this matter yourself in the place where you work. Help kill this lie and do it now.*

Your industrial masters years ago paid teachers, preachers, politicians and editors to capture *your* young mind, and saturate it with error and *place your brain in the bondage* of false teachings and chloroform you with meekness and humility and the **damnation of contentment and cheap satisfactions—as your “proper reward.”**

Rouse, ye slaves—and remember that in the same way, in the same institutions, the minds of your own children are at this moment being enslaved with the same brain-chilling curse called humility.

Arm your children with arguments—or apologize for being parents. It is up to you.

With whatever brain you have, think.

Sharpen your mind—with facts. Put an edge on your mind—with arguments—and cut your way through the lies that blind you and bind you in the bondage of poverty and ignorance.

Think for your class.

Think—or surrender.

I wish you would read the following Open Letter to University Presidents aloud to your children and to your fellow workers in the shop or mill or mine or on the farm where you work. Bring this Letter to the attention of pupils and teachers, students and professors in your local schools and colleges.

An Open Letter to Guilty University Presidents:

Dear sirs:—Your catalogs are before me. In these catalogs you attractively set forth the advantages to be enjoyed by young people who attend your institutions. Among these advantages are some specially liberal ones which you hold out enticingly and particularly to those young people who, you say, are *conspicuously above the average* in intellectual gifts, to those graduates of high schools and those college students who have indeed already shown that nature with *unusual generosity* has equipped them for the struggle for existence. These specially liberal advantages are in the form of gifts which you call “fellowships” and “scholarships” and which yield the recipients from \$100 to \$1,000 a year, for one or more years. This sum of money is to be used by those who receive it in defraying their expenses for a year and thus *protect themselves against economic want and worry* while they, *graduates already*, add still more training, more knowledge, more equipment—more armor—for the fierce life-strifes of the struggle for existence under the present wage-and-profit industrial system called Capitalism.

You thus propose to help those most who need help least—those who have already had much training and who have also been discovered to be above the average of those immediately around them in the race of life.

Admit, gentlemen, the large and illuminating sociological fact; namely, with rhetorical drum and trumpet and other almost coercively seductive catalog-and-circular advertising you proudly announce that this economic support is for those, and for those only, who, *having had opportunity to do so* in high schools and colleges, have already proved their superiority in mental endowments. Admit that this economic protection is for those who from nature **and training** already have great advantages—for those while they *still further* sharpen their intellectual weapons for the battles of life. In high schools, academies and colleges, thrilled with many forms of inspiring environment, those

superior young people have *already had opportunity to discover and develop their tastes and powers and special gifts; those have already had opportunity to have their ambitions roused, their hopes enlarged, and their life plans grandly expanded;—those have already had opportunity to demonstrate their strength for the battle and also acquire additional equipment for the race of life.*

Those alone you propose to assist with hundreds of dollars a year.

I do not object to your doing so, and for two reasons I do not object:—because **all youths should be protected while they study**; and also because what you propose to do *gives the lie to your own sneer at the poor and ignorant*: “Anybody can get an education and succeed, if he *wishes* to do so.”

And that brings me to the *main question*, gentlemen: What about the **tens of millions** of youths who do not get a **single hour** of training in even the *first year* of the high school or academy—what about those who are thus **beaten before the race begins**?

It is about this *economically damned and socially doomed majority* that I wish to write a very special word to you.

The facts (Note at foot of page) certainly show that probably more than 80 in 100 of all the boys and girls in the United States never enter even the *first year* of the high school or schools of the high school grade, and only 14 in 1,000 finish four-year college courses.* Now, place that fact, that big, bald fact, beside the following important statement by the most profound and productive student of human society that the world has yet known, the late Dr. Lester F. Ward:

“But really, for all except the rarest cases, *something more than a ‘common-school education’* is required to insure success. A much broader view of the principal branches of learning is necessary to enable a person of talent or even a

* On page 14 of Federal Document, “Introductory Survey,” Bureau of Education, reprinted from the Report of the Commissioner of Education for the year ending June 30, 1914, we find the following facts:

(1)—The total number of children (560,397) in the *first year* of the high schools and schools of the high school grade in 1912-13 was less than *14 per cent.* of the total number of children (4,023,026) in the *first year* of the elementary schools—same class—in 1904-5.

(2)—That the National Commissioner estimates that about 109 in every 1,000 pupils entering the first grade in 1904-5 will graduate from the High School in 1916.

(3)—That the National Commissioner’s estimate is that in 1920 the number who will finish four-year college courses will be less than *14 in every 1,000* of those who entered the first grade in 1904-5.

genius to select a career and pursue it successfully. The great men of all time have had this. . . . All outside of that group, whatever may be their native talents, are excluded even from candidacy to achievement."—Ward: *Applied Sociology*, pp. 229-30.

And this from President Butler, of Columbia University:

"Statistics show that out of 10,000 successful men in the world in all classes, 8,000 were college graduates. . . . Even your self-made man isn't satisfied unless his son can go to college."—*Chicago Tribune*, March 13, 1905.

(Probably far more than 8,000 of the 10,000 were high school or academy graduates.)

Now, what of the astonishing majority, the more than eighty per cent., who do not have opportunity to discover and develop their tastes, their powers and their special gifts? These must make the struggle for existence practically without education, without maturing of their powers, without enrichment of their minds with knowledge, without the inspirations, without the ideals, without the grandly expanded life plans to be secured chiefly in the finely cultural stimulating environment of the high schools and academies and colleges, and universities. These, my learned gentlemen, must face the bitter competitions, the strangling, suffocating competitions of life unprepared, unarmed. And that brings me to my next word with you.

YOU BELIEVE, you say you believe—in competition and your university trustees, many of them presidents or directors of powerful industrial trusts, force you to say you believe in industrial competition. You glorify the wage-and-profit competition of Capitalism; you scorn the Socialists who urge co-operation—who urge that in a co-operative commonwealth the economic handcuffs shall be stricken from the wrists of all the children of all the people for all time.

But in the distribution of cash-paying fellowships you endeavor to give them to the strong.

And thus, precisely thus, you admit—your action proves that you believe—that the competition of the present order of society is so fierce, so hot, so crushing and disastrous, that even these specially gifted ones, the unusually powerful ones who have already had much training—you admit that even these in the coarse, crude, brutal competition of the present social order would probably fall short of their glory, fall short of lives of greatest possible usefulness, fall short of

conspicuous success, without your economic support, without your gladly and proudly offered cash assistance while they further prepare for success, honor and social service.

So even these powerful and already trained young people—even these—need help, do they? Indeed!

Well, what of a social system so fiercely competitive and so wolfishly unjust that even these discovered, specially strong young people, already considerably trained, are in danger? What of a social order so cruelly unfraternal, so swinishly competitive that it would balk even these discovered choicest ones short of full maturity of their powers and usefulness if they were left without economic protection while they study still further? If these do not need this economic defense while they study, why do you give it to them? Surely you would not belittle education by offering bright and economically comfortable young men and women an expensive toy—say five hundred dollars in "pin money"—to induce them to study hard? As men of intellectual distinction and great moral influence have you so little in your repertoire of inspirations for aspiring human souls that you must offer these young people paltry, filthy cash as an incentive and goal? No, no—your catalogs explain that you seek to economically assist and protect strong but poor young people, already much developed, because you know that they, even they, actually need the money to complete their necessary systematic development by means of prolonged academic training.

Clearly your action in the distribution of these fellowships is implied admission that the Socialists are correct in contending that the present competitive wage-and-profit capitalist system involves so much poverty, such heavy poverty as to arrest and wreck the intellectual development of the majority,—that the present system is so cruelly fierce and so disastrously harsh that you gladly and proudly rush—must rush—to the economic rescue of even the admittedly strong members of society who have already had years of training and encouragement for the struggle for existence.

Gentlemen, under the present competitive system the dice of life are loaded against both the bright and the dull children of the poor, and your own actions prove that you yourselves believe this to be the situation. You yourselves are constantly whining at the millionaire's back door for money to establish cash fellowships with which, as with life-preservers, you can rescue at least a few from the bitter storms of competitive life. But I must remember that you are

cultivated gentlemen whom I must address in the gentle language of polite society. Well, then, let me use the sweetly metred smoothness, the rhetorical honey, the flute-like softness of graceful phrase appropriate in addressing your academically sensitive and shrinkingly vulnerable natures,—let me with delicately diplomatic indirectness tell you this, just this, gentlemen: You seem ridiculously inconsistent, vulgarly illogical, mockingly insincere—and contemptible. With your learning, your eloquence, and your unusual moral influence you defend the competitive system that forces you to cringe and fawn before coarse-grained, lard-and-tallow, morally barbaric millionaires, forces you to tease these industrial Caesars for some of their bloodstained money for fellowships with which you may rescue at least a few dozen of their mentally gifted but economically plundered and pauperized victims.

Have you no shame? Really, have you forgotten how to blush? Has the competitive system of society so poisoned the well-springs of manly pride that you are become incapable of Christlike indignation, incapable of hot resentment for the merciless tyranny of masters who force you to crawl and whine and also force you to teach a falsehood and commit a social treason? Has your intellectual serfdom morally emasculated you?

Get up! Stand once erect! Show us the soul-shine of men, defiantly proud men, men too finely proud to defend a system that perhaps robbed their own fathers and mothers of the greatest thing in the world, a liberal education. Show us men too noble to mock their own families—perhaps their own uneducated mothers whose gnarled hands in days gone by were blistered and calloused with toil in furnishing their sons economic support while they studied in college. Come! Speak out, gentlemen. What *message* of cheer have you for the vast majority, some of whom no doubt are weak, many millions of whom are surely splendid, capable average, and great numbers of whom are doubtless magnificently gifted, but *many millions* of whom are in the total eclipse of the cursed oblivion of fatalistic poverty—what *message* have you for this mighty host whom the coarse and brutal rudeness of the competitive system robs of the privilege of even the first year's training in the high school? What *message* of cheer have you for the lean and bony little girls toiling in the cotton mills of New England and the South, competing, each pale, hungry, ragged child competing, aye, competing with a multi-million dollar corporation? What *message* have you for the tender

little boys in the breakers of the Anthracite Coal Trust? What cheering message have you for the multitude of little dust-breathing consumptives who slave in the great department stores, each child, each alone, competing against a gigantic corporation? *These, all these are helplessly young, helplessly small, helplessly ignorant, helplessly inexperienced, and helplessly poor.*

These—and millions of others in factories and shops, and on petty rented or mortgaged farms—have no sufficient opportunity to prove their intellectual gifts—they have no *economic support* while they study. What message have you for this host of *helpless* girls and boys whose intellectual eyes are burned out by the blistering heat of the competitive system? Stunned and balked by the brutalities of the competitive wage-and-profit system, these are helpless, and you know they are helpless. These have no opportunity because they lack economic defense while they enrich their minds, polish their pearls and prove their gifts. *You well know that a mentally gifted child though keenly willing to study, may nevertheless grow up to be a stupidly ignorant man or woman.* These ignorant children in the mills and mines, competing against profit-lusting employers, are struggling, gasping for the economic breath of mere animal existence, while you admit that even the brilliant and powerful young men and women who already have high school and perhaps several years of college education need economic protection while they prepare further for lives of usefulness and honor and the many deep pleasures of mental maturity. Speak distinctly, please,—What is your message for the ignorant youths whose joyless lives are stuffed and damned with poverty and toil, whose hopes are stillborn, whose souls shrivel in the fires of competition *while you mock them?*

For this sweat-stained host, *barred by poverty from the halls of learning*, you have no *sincere* message of cheer. And later when these economically helpless children of wage-paid slaves are grown to men and women—what then? Will you then, your eyes burning with scorn, your lips curling with contempt,—will you then with your rented tongues, your rented culture, your rented rhetoric and your rented eloquence *further damn these lost ones with stinging, viperous insult*,—"Ignorant nobodies!"

Shame! Shame upon you! How long will you defend the system that makes toadies of you and dulls the bright eyes of the children of the poor?

Will you reply that—"in this country opportunities are abundant

for any one to get an education who has brains enough to make it worth while to be educated?" How is it then that the children of the uneducated poor, prevented by poverty from proceeding further with their education, make *just as good records* in the primary "grade" schools as the children whom you seek to help *after* they have fortunately gone through the high school and part way, or perhaps all the way, through the college?

If sufficient opportunities are abundant for all why do you furnish special economic assistance to any?

Opportunities? Consider what I have just quoted above from Professor Lester F. Ward's *Applied Sociology*, which work is indeed largely an exhaustive investigation of the *sociological and educational significance of opportunity and of the lack of opportunity*.

"Opportunities are plentiful—and anybody can succeed in this country who wishes to do so,"—did you say? What you say thus of opportunity is false, you know it is false, and you prove that you believe it is false when you rush to the rescue of a few discovered specially strong young people with fellowships and thus economically defend even these trained, *discovered*, favored ones against the saber-like teeth of the wolves of poverty.

With pity and contempt I say to you that the hideousness of poverty is surpassed only by the tragedy and shame of strutting, suave and smiling intellectual prostitution. As for prostitutes I have more respect, a great deal more respect, for my infinitely humbled sisters, painted slaves of pimps and policemen, lashed into the street by poverty to rent the mocking smiles that hide their anguish, to rent the very temples of their souls to unwashed babbling brutes-of-lust for money enough to live on day by day—I have more respect for these, for any one of these, in the desolation and degradation of her sex prostitution than I have for the most "cultivated" intellectual prostitute that ever rented his brain, milked a plutocrat for gifts with enslaving "understandings," strangled a fearless professor, and helped damn the millionaire's victims in poverty and ignorance with the cruel slander that "the poor and ignorant are poor and ignorant because they haven't brains enough to be otherwise."

I have asked you for your message of cheer for the poor.

You have no message for the poor.

You? You! You fawning fops-and-serfs, fattened on "conditioned" endowments, protected with salaries tainted with the blood of children gasping in the ignorance of poverty and the poverty of

ignorance, you prideless tools and toads of capitalist Cæsars, hired to pollute public opinion with your poisoned piffle and your learned sneers at the uneducated poor—you have no message: crawling, prostrate moral eunuchs that you are in the academic he-harems of the plutocratic masters of the world, you—you have no message for the bright-eyed, keen-brained children of the poor wallowing **uninspired and unprotected** in the ignorance of poverty.

No university, silently or openly agreeing to strangling "understandings" for "conditioned" gifts from plutocratic filchers of the fruits of toil—no such university ever helped free an economic slave class. No such university ever even tried to do so. And whenever in such an institution some brave teachers have raised their voices in criticism of despotism and in defense of the hosts that sicken in ignorance and poverty—such teachers have been silenced or promptly driven from the university or college.

With no thanks to you, guilty presidents of universities, we of the working class will hew our own way to freedom through the mountains of prejudice and slander you have helped build in the path of human progress. Servile assassins of academic freedom of discussion, boss strike-breakers of the professorial nobility who strive for the right to teach without toadying, we expect nothing from you *except hollow mouthings and cruel slanders*. We know you.

And, fortunately, we also know this: In the lower grade schools our children matched your children and the children of your masters too, **in brains**,—matched them there *till poverty kidnapped our boys and girls* and drove them to the mills and mines and factories of the class who pay your salaries for your cunning silence or for your shameless slanders. And that fact makes us scorn your slander and inspires us to challenge you to the battle of brains for the rights of the brain.

Each year now we more thoroughly **understand you—and your kind**.

CHAPTER FIVE

Prophecy, Precepts, Program, and Party

FIRST—THE PROPHECY.

Swiftly toward us from the near future comes a time, an extraordinary time,—a time terrible with suffering and sublime with meaning.

That time will be terrible because the wages of *millions* of workers will be *reduced* and *millions* of others will be *unemployed*. The wolves of want will howl around the homes of the humble. Desolation will mock the working class.

That time will be sublime because the humbled and maddened workers will *demand* and *find* the explanation, the **fundamental causes**, of their distress.

The conditions will be indeed most extraordinary:

The earth will be **ready** with abundance of raw material for *the production of abundance for all*;

The tools, the machinery and the factories will be **ready** for *the production of abundance for all*;

The skill, the knowledge, and the industrial organization will be **ready** to produce *abundance for all*; and

The mighty host of workers will also be **ready** to produce *abundance for all*.

Yet only part of the available raw materials, *part* of the tools, *part* of the machinery and factories, *only part* of the skill and knowledge, and *only part* of the workers will be used in production at that time. And—get the matter straight in your mind—only part of the resources and forces of production will be used at that time *because there will not be sufficient market for all the goods that could be produced*. You see—with the **astonishing improvements** in means and methods of

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production society swiftly advances in its **power to produce**; but the **privilege of consumption** by the working class is not advanced proportionately. *Society is in the control of the capitalist class, and the capitalist class control and conduct industry for profits—and profits only*. All the workers, at work, **could** produce far more product than could be *sold at a profit*;—and this is *increasingly* so. Inevitably there swiftly approaches a time of disaster;—and the situation will be disastrous because there will be—there must be—either a vast supply of **surplus goods** which the *wages* of the workers will not *permit the workers* to buy; or, a vast supply of **surplus labor** which the capitalists *will not employ* because they can not employ the labor *profitably*, and they will be unable to employ the labor *profitably* because they can not *sell the goods profitably*, and they can not sell the goods *profitably* because the *wages of the workers will not permit them to purchase abundantly*.

And when the situation forces the capitalists to a choice: either a **vast surplus of goods unsalable at a profit**; or a **vast surplus of labor unusable at a profit**—*we know very well what the choice of the capitalists will be*. Rather than permit millions of workers to produce hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of goods that can not be sold *at a profit* the capitalists will place notices on the doors and gates of the factories, that hideous thing which reads: "**Notice: No More Workers Wanted.**" And that notice means this: "*To hell with every man, woman, and child out of whose labor we can not make a profit. There is no sentiment in business. And we are in business for profits. And if the unemployed and the underpaid make too much noise about this arrangement we business men will have the noisy fools starved, jailed or shot. That is what the injunction courts, the regular army and the militia are for.*"

And when the millions are turned from the factory and the mines, hungry, ragged, insulted, desperate and angry—outraged with contempt and threats while they and their loved ones starve and shiver though the workers are *willing to pro-*

duce plenty for all; and when millions also at such a time have their wages reduced;—at such a time it will be most important that they **learn and learn well**:

(1) That *unemployment* is due to *over-production*, or to threatened over-production; and

(2) That *over-production* is due to *compulsory under-consumption*; and

(3) That *compulsory under-consumption* is forced upon the wage-earners by means of the *wage-system*; and

(4) That, *under the wage-system*, society is *industrially controlled for and by the capitalist class*; and

(5) That the *capitalist class* naturally *seek their own welfare*—in the form of *profits*; and

(6) That *profits* are secured by *arbitrarily rewarding the wage-earner with less—ever dis-pro-portion-ate-ly less—than the product of his labor*; and

(7) That thus there is **absolutely no solution** for the problem of the **unemployment** of and the **poverty** of the plundered working class so long as we keep the **wage-and-profit system of conducting the industry of society**; and, also,

(8) That there is **absolutely no solution** for the **ignorance** of the working class **under the wage-and-profit system**; because if **all the workers were educated**, if **all the workers were by mental, manual and industrial instruction and training raised to their full height**, were permitted to **reach their full growth**—and *were thus raised to their full power of production*, the day of *disastrous over-production* would come with still greater swiftness; and (another prophecy)—

(9) That the *wage-and-profit system* will **increasingly curse the working class**; and, hence, (another prophecy)—

(10) That the working class will **increasingly curse the wage-and-profit system**—as they more and more thoroughly **understand that system**.

And in that sublime and terrible time the workers will *think* as they never thought before; in that sublime and terrible time they will *listen* and *read* as never before.

And in that time, terrible with suffering, sublime with

meaning, and beautiful with new courage, new character, new vision,—beautiful with resolution and revolution,—it will be most important that the workers *protect themselves against betrayal, against the treason of false teachers*. At such a time these smooth-tongued, well-fed, intellectual street-walkers will be **cunningly busy in the service of the masters**, urging *everything and anything except freedom from the wage-and-profit system*, urging “reasonable” concession, “reasonable” compromise, “reasonable” understandings as to “mutual interests,” etc.,—**with the shackles of the wage-and-profit system to remain firmly fastened to the lives of the working class—with the workers to go on—and on—under the wage-and-profit system, doomed to Poverty and Ignorance**. Everything will be done to *confuse, delay and betray* the wronged workers *on the road to the Revolution*. Hence,

SECOND,—THE PRECEPTS:

The following precepts are modestly offered with the hope that they may, in some small measure, be helpful in *avoiding confusion and betrayal* as we approach the Day of Reckoning with the Capitalist Class, the Crisis, in which the Revolution will be mightily hastened. Let us write these precepts on our hearts, burn them into our minds, and print them indelibly on the banners of the Revolution:

First Precept: Everybody ought to work.

Certainly! That is the *universal and proper* teaching, “*Everybody ought to work*.” Statesmen, teachers, preachers, employers, editors, bishops, bankers, politicians, and all others—all teach that everybody ought to work.

Second Precept: If everybody ought to work, then everybody should be permitted to work.

Surely! It is nonsense and it is vicious to teach a man a duty and then spit in his face when he asks for permission to perform his duty. It would be perfectly safe to offer a *ten-*

thousand-dollar cash prize to any one who can *separate those* two propositions above. Read them again. I challenge you to pull them apart. If you admit the *first* proposition, then you must also admit the *second* proposition;—or confess yourself to be ridiculously illogical or insincere. Why, of course, *what everybody ought to do everybody should be permitted to do*. Please show these two propositions to your preacher and teacher and also to your working class neighbor. Don't fail to do this.

Third Precept: If everybody ought to work then it is viciously unfair and dangerous to permit a generation of children of the industrial ruling class to grow up **GUARANTEED AGAINST WORK** by the inheritance of wealth they never earned.

Again I tell you, that if you admit the *first* proposition you are logically driven to the acceptance of the *third* proposition. Surely, *what everybody ought to do, nobody should be permitted to avoid doing at the expense of other people's hard labor*.

The kind of privately owned wealth **especially effective** in *guaranteeing* the private owner against work—and at the expense of other people's hard labor—is wealth used as the **means of production**,—such as mills, mines, railways, oilwells, forests, etc., etc.; and this wealth, **tens of billions of dollars' worth** of it—will be *given by inheritance, without work*, to the children of the present private owners;—and these children will **thus be guaranteed against work**, will *inherit* leisure, will *inherit* plenty, will *inherit* the legal right to tyrannize over the working class, will *inherit the right to open or close the factory as suits their profit-plunder purpose*, will *inherit* the right to virtually spit in the faces of those who seek opportunity to perform their duty, the duty of working.

Fourth Precept: Any society that teaches that everybody ought to work and then not only guarantees hundreds of thousands against work, but also robs those who do work, and

denies hundreds of thousands and even millions the privilege of working and abuses them when they have no work,—any such society is rotten, rotten with insincerity, rotten with injustice, rotten with mocking cruelty.

Of course, any society that teaches that everybody ought to work, and then fleeces those whom it permits to work and abuses those whom it will not permit to work, arrests them when they are found without work and “without visible means of support,” and thrusts them into lousy jails and to the cruel “rockpile” and drives them out of town with the policeman's club, and insults them and their families with charity when they are willing to work and produce as much as they need—any such society, insulting, abusing, and mocking its victims, is surely rotten, foul to the very foundations, vulgar and vicious with injustice and cruelty.

Fifth Precept: Any society that is thus rotten with mocking injustice and cruelty, should be reorganized,—reorganized clear down to the foundations, reorganized—with work and justice provided and guaranteed for all.

Such a reorganization of Capitalism would be a revolution, for it would require the *removal of the foundation of the capitalist system*, and that foundation is: the **private ownership** and the **private control of the industrial equipment of society**. The reorganization would require a **fundamental change of the fundamental purpose** and of the **fundamental method of managing industry**. It would be impossible to satisfactorily **reform** and keep the vile system of *chattel-slavery*. It is **rotten in purpose**. Such a system can only be destroyed. Just so, wage-slavery (Capitalism) cannot be satisfactorily **reformed** and kept. It is **rotten in purpose**. Such a vile system as the cunning *wage-slave* system can only be destroyed.

Sixth Precept: To hell with charity—as a substitute for justice—from the class that robs us. We want justice.

Help for the helpless, when accepted, is to be accepted *as a right*—and *never* as charity, *never* as a salve for the whip-cuts of injustice in the flesh of the hungry and ragged.

Justice destroys charity by making it ridiculously unnecessary. Let us steadily *keep our eyes on the goal*—Freedom and Justice. Let us steadily have sufficient *pride and sense* to despise charity ointment from the *class that ruins us*, from the class that is fattened on the flesh of the poor,—charity cunningly brought to us by well-fed “uplifters of the poor” who insult us with soup for our bellies and lies for our brains. *Charity from Caesar, charity from brutal and bloated plutocracy, is intended as chloroform for slaves, as salve for the bleeding sores made with the whips of injustice.*

Seventh Precept: Keep cool.

Don't rant. Read. *Read everything your master advises you not to read.* Operate on your neighbor's brain—with literature. As long as the multitude are content with a belly-full portion of the boasted welfare, just so long they can be fleeced and will be fleeced for the *fools they humbly consent to be*; so long they will continue to be born, live and die at the bottom of the social ocean—utterly despised by those who rob them of their proper share and grade of life.

Eighth Precept: The majority can have justice and freedom just as soon as they are sufficiently roused to demand it and are sufficiently cunning and self-respecting to organize for demanding and commanding.

Never say “Please”; that is, never say “Please” in such manner or under such circumstances that your request makes you seem stupidly grateful for the privilege of being permitted to live. You did not ask Nature to create you, and now that you are here you should recognize and insist upon your right to *stay here and reach your full size*, not only your full physical size but your full intellectual and social size, with a life full of full-sized pleasures without whimpering or cringing

to Creator or Creature. Get up off your knees and demand your right to Life.

Ninth Precept: Do it now. Prepare now. Organize now.

The misery of millions, the insults thrust into the lives of the multitude, the world-wide outrages committed against the working class everywhere—all shout aloud: “*Do something! Wake up! Fall in! March on, straight on, on—to the Revolution. Organize the workers for the reorganization of Society, for the reorganization of the Purpose and Control of Industry.*”

Here following is the outline for the reorganization, the program of the New Order:

THIRD—THE PROGRAM OF SOCIALISM:

The Socialists propose to reconstruct society *industrially* on the following *Plan of Mutualism*:

(1) THE NEW FOUNDATION: The *social ownership* (that is, *public ownership*) of the *socially usable industrial wealth*—that is, of the *chief material means of production*.

To illustrate: we shall have the *private ownership* of whatever is necessary for the *proper degree of privacy of life*,—such as the home, the piano, the automobile for personal use, clothing and the like. But the forest and quarry and mine materials used, and the factories in which the automobile, the piano and the clothing are made—will become *public property*. (See “Caution” below.)

(2) THE NEW METHOD: The *social control* of the *socially usable means of production*.

The New Method will be the maximum practicable degree of *democratic management of industry*—which is the *only true line of escape* from the present despotic control of the industrial life of the workers.

(3) THE NEW PURPOSE: The production of goods *primarily* for the *social service*—of all, instead of *primarily* for *profits for part*, of the members of society.

The New Purpose of the New Order will be service, not profits.

(4) **THE NEW DEAL:** The *self-employment* of all who are *willing* to do useful work—by means of the *joint ownership* of the things the workers must collectively use in production, each to receive the value of his labor, *undiminished* by *rent*, *interest* and *profits*.

By relaying the foundation of industry (Proposition 1, above) the capitalist's power to rule, and filch in the form of rent, interest and profits, is taken from under him—and then he and his grown-up children must *work or starve*. Be it remembered, however, that the taking of rent, interest and profit under the present legalized capitalist system can be justified as long as the capitalist system is defended by the ballots of the working class who thus consent to be fleeced. The working class should not whine when it gets what it hurrahs for. Any man who votes for a master—deserves to have a master; any such man is too tame, timid and stupid to get along without a master.

(5) **THE FIRST STEP:** The *possession* and *control* of the *powers of government* by and in behalf of those who seek freedom and justice for all who are *willing* to do useful work.

Under Socialism "government" will become largely the administration of industry and the general public's institution for promoting human progress instead of the present brutal *repressive political and military machinery and chicanery* by means of which the ruling class legally hold their places on the backs of the feeble, ignorant and irritated workers.

This mutualism in industry will not interfere with private affairs, such as religion and the family life, any more than the mutual ownership of the public library now interferes with private affairs.

This mutualism in industry will not be a "dividing up" scheme any more than the present mutual ownership of the public park or the public wagon-road is a "dividing up" scheme.

This mutualism in industry will no more be *anarchy* or *communism* or *atheism* or *free-love* than the mutualism of the post-office service is anarchy, or communism or atheism or free-love.

This mutualism in industry will leave an enormous amount of wealth in private hands as strictly private property. So far as property is concerned, Socialism is simply an extension

of a principle and policy already admitted by everybody, the principle and policy of *public ownership* of wealth. Everybody believes, for example, in the principle and policy of public ownership of the public library;—but the Socialists want also, for example, that the stone quarry and marble quarry from which the material of the library building was secured, should also be publicly owned.

Caution: Public ownership alone is not Socialism. For example, railways are publicly owned in Russia, but the *capitalist class* is in possession and control of the powers of government, and *naturally* the railroads of Russia are *managed by and managed primarily for the special benefit of the class in possession of the powers of the government of Russia*. The teaching of public ownership should always be accompanied by the teaching that, so long as there are two industrial classes, publicly owned property will *always naturally* be managed primarily for the *special benefit of the class that has possession of the powers of government*.

Mutualism, fraternalism, deep, ennobling and gracious fellowship—that is what the *whole world is learning to desire*. Increasing millions of hearts are already hungry and thirsty for the good things and the fine things of fellowship. But we can never have the proper degree of fellowship and mutualism down at the *foundations of society*,—that is, in industry, so long as a comparatively small part of the people have the rest of the people by the industrial throat by means of their *private ownership of the socially vital forms of industrial property*, thus controlling the privileges of living on this planet.

The industrial reorganization proposed by the Socialists—as outlined briefly above—is a logical necessity growing chiefly out of the *recent profound changes in the mechanical equipment of industry*. To illustrate: In weaving cloth 200 years ago the individual *owned and controlled and operated* his spinning wheel and hand loom *himself*. That was still in the *individualistic stage of that industry*. And the individual's private ownership and private control of that simple individ-

ualistic wheel and loom was a safe arrangement, was not at all a menace to society—because the owner could not thus rule and rob and ruin the lives of others through the private ownership and private control of *such a petty industrial outfit*.

But the petty wheel and loom are gone, and gone forever. They have swiftly evolved into the mighty modern woollen mill, **owned** and **controlled** by a syndicate—but **used** by those who have *no share in the ownership and control* of the great modern factory in which they work. Hundreds, thousands, of workers are herded together in such a mill—*socially using* the mill—which, however, continues to be *individualistically owned*,—that is, privately owned. These hundreds and thousands of workers are now industrially voiceless, voteless, helpless, hopeless. Paralyzed by their poverty, driven by the lash of hunger, they must crowd into the mill—**forced to use what others own**.

The little "coal-bank," serving from one to a half-dozen families, has quickly developed into a mighty organized corporation industry, embracing all the mines and mining within hundreds of square miles of territory, needing a market for millions of tons of coal and employing scores of thousands of wage-earners, helpless in their poverty. Thus the "overland-team-and-wagon" transportation outfits and methods have very recently and very swiftly developed into vast corporate, affiliated steam-and-electric railway systems, employing hundreds of thousands—almost two million wage-earners—under the heel of brutal directorates urged by profit-hungry stock-and-bond-holders.

The same profound change has come over many—nearly all—other industries.

Thus the whole world of industry has **changed** from **individualistic** machinery and method. We have passed into a stage of vast dimensions, great complexity, high efficiency, and enormous productivity, even threatening productivity—threatening over-production.

The private ownership and the private control of these **developed means of production** by law-defying, organized,

syndicated, trustified bands of industrial dukes, barons, lords, kings and captains renders the wage-earning class helpless, utterly helpless.

And there is no escape, absolutely no escape, from this industrial despotism—except by **democratizing this industrial power**. Reorganization, industrial reconstruction, is not a fad, it is not a shallow "scheme," it is not a "foolish dream." Reconstruction has indeed become a **logical necessity**. The great fundamental changes that have lately come over society now require a fundamental readjustment,—thus: *Take the mighty power, which is now concentrated in the hands of a few by the private ownership and private control of such dangerous power-giving property,—take this vast power from under the feet of the capitalist class, and democratize this industrial power by placing this power under the feet of all the people—to own and use and manage and enjoy the fruits of—on terms made by all who are willing to work.*

Then the shirkers—the drones, deadbeats and despots—will have to work or starve.

Then the workers—all who do useful social service—will be free to produce abundantly and free to enjoy abundantly; every worker will be free also to stand *erect* in the shop and mill and mine and office and *look unafraid level into the eyes of any other and all other men*—because his "living" will be safe, **his life will be secure**.

FOURTH—THE PARTY:

And how—and by what agency—can this readjustment, this reconstruction, be effected? By what means can this Socialist Program of the New Social Order be inaugurated?

Well, this is certain: The present Capitalist wage-and-profit program **suits the Capitalist class**; and it is also certain that they guarantee the continuance of the wage-and-profit program *by holding control of the legal power* to make the laws and constitutions under which programs are inaugurated and operated; and it is still further true that they **get and**

hold control of this legal power by means of legal organizations called political parties.

Likewise those who seek to effect fundamental revolutionary, reconstructive changes—those who seek to inaugurate any program **fundamentally different** from the program already in operation,—can legally seize and use the necessary power for such contemplated reconstruction only by means of a political party.

Hence the necessity of a political party built by and controlled by and used by *those whose interests would be served by*—and who will therefore more and more *believe in*—the Socialist Program.

The Socialist Party is thus, also, a logical necessity.

The Socialist Movement is the organized educational and political effort of the working class to free the working class from the tyranny and robbery of the Capitalist Class.

The Socialist Party is the **only** political party *of and for* the working class anywhere in the world—**absolutely distinguished by its purpose,—the defense of and the freedom of the working class.** Hence, no “dealing,” and “dickering” and “fusing” with any other political parties.

The Socialist Party is the increasing terror of the plutocratic plunderers of the working class—throughout the world.

The Socialist Party is already the most powerful educational agency for the working class throughout the world.

The Socialist Party *challenges* every member of the working class and every sincere friend of the working class to be *true* to the working class and fight for **freedom.**

The Socialist Party sets the highest, grandest goal that has yet been set before the working class.

The Socialist Party aims at life, all of life, abundant life—the Upper-Side of Life, for all the workers.

The Socialist Party is the only political party that provides an extensive scientific literature for the **working class—to the end that the workers shall think too much to be duped and be too proud to surrender.**

THE END

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SALVATION THRU INFORMATION

25 CENTS PER MONTH FOR ONLY FOUR MONTHS, invested by each of 100,000 persons in books (*at 10 copies for a dollar*)—would equip the hundred thousand hustlers with a total of \$100,000.00—one hundred thousand dollars' worth of literature, or a total of 1,000,000—one million—books. By lending, and **CAREFULLY RE-LENDING**, these books—each book ten times—a total of 10,000,000—*ten million*—persons could be rapidly reached. And if this campaign should be kept up for *eight* months every voter in the entire country could be reached with the message of the New Order, the New Life for the Multitude.

This explains why every over-fed master of modern wage-slaves dreads any man or any woman or any child who is sufficiently cunning to fight WITH THE PRINTED PAGE AS A SWORD—with the printing-press as a machine-gun on the firing-line in the sublime struggle for Freedom.

The revolutionary printing-press is *loaded with light.*

There is life in light.

There is salvation in information.

The slave should always pick the books which his master says are “vicious” and “dangerous” and “nonsensical.”

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ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY men as rich as Mr. Rockefeller would own wealth *equivalent* to the entire cash value of all the wealth in the United States.

Mr. Rockefeller owns more wealth than he could have *earned* if he had gone to work the morning Jesus Christ was born and had worked every year since, and had received over \$1700.00 a day, 300 days each year.

WITHOUT WORK, by inheritance, his two children will receive the *equivalent* of more than 500 tons of gold, a heavy load for over 300 powerful horses.

Now please do not scold Mr. Rockefeller or his children or the men and women of their class. These people get these enormous fortunes *according to the wolfish rules and privileges of the Capitalist system of conducting the industries of society*. If you think it is "all a matter of brains," be sure to read the *Fourth Chapter* of this little book.

Think it over—if you can.

**END OF
TITLE**